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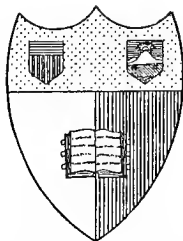
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AND
JOHN H. WYNNE
CORNELL '98

1922

JUST PUBLISHED,

A NEW BOOK,

Uniform with this Volume, and by the same Author,

ENTITLED

MY VACATION

AT

LONG BRANCH AND SARATOGA

(What Sea-Weed and We Seed).

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G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,
New York.

OVERTURE OF SELECT TEXTS.

"THERE are of madmen as there are of tame,
All humored not alike. Some
Apish and fantastic." DEKKER.

"Verily, is he not a man and a Bother?"—H. G.

"Tygh hygh, tygh hygh! O sweet delight!
He tickles this age who can;
Calls Tullia's ape a marmosite,
And Leda's goose a swan." BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

"There is a chain of causes
Linked to effects; invisible necessity,
That whate'er is, could not but so have been." DRYDEN.

"There, I told you so!"
A VETERAN OBSERVER.

"Read, ye that run, the awful truth
With which I charge my page." COWPER.

"I hold that man a fool who would his life imperil
For a woman who loves him not." W. SHAKESPEARE.

"Ah! that is the mystery
Of this wonderful history." SOUTHEY.

"Take this in good part, whatsoever then be,
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee." TUSSER.

P A R O D I E S.

PROSE AND VERSE.

LIFFITH LANK—"GRIFFITH GAUNT."

ST. TWEL'MO—"ST. ELMO."

A WICKED WOMAN.

POEMS.

BY

"JOHN PAUL"

(CHARLES H. WEBB),

AUTHOR OF

*Griffith Gaunt—St. Elmo—Swinton's School Books—Popular Astronomy—
Explorations up the Nihil (fit to be placed in the hands of the
young)—Picturesque America—Webster's Dictionary
—and Jonathan Edwards.*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW YORK:

G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers.

MDCCCLXXVL

FP

AUTHOR'S EDITION.

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G. W. CARLETON & CO.,
NEW YORK.

LIFETIME LANK;

OR,

LUNACY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOL ERTINGE, JR.

QUOTATIONS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

For in this world, to reckon every thing,
Pleasure to man there is none comparable
As is to read with understanding
In books of wisdom. They ben so delectable
Which sound to virtue, and ben profitable.

THEYRE.



NEW YORK:
G. W. CARLETON & CO.,
PUBLISHERS.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION,

For the leading idea of this little story, let me frankly confess that I am indebted to Mr. Charles Reade. *LIFFITH LANK* is, in great measure, the legitimate offspring, or rather offshoot, of "Griffith Gaunt," which will account for any similarity that there may be between the two ramifications. For the general style and the typographical effects introduced, I am also indebted to Mr. Reade; but, having said thus much, all is said. For the illustrations I am not even indebted to Eytinge—having paid that eminent, excellent, and patient artist most extravagantly for his work. . . . Originally published in the *New-York Times*, I was persuaded to consent to the republication of the travestie in its present form. And I will take this occasion to say, that I am ready and, in fact, eager, to be persuaded to consent to the republication of any thing I have ever written—provided some one else can be found to incur the expense and risk. If my little book amuses the public, I shall be pleased; if it pays, I shall be more than pleased; I shall be surprised.

C. H. W.

LITTLE LANK;

OR,

LUNACY.

A TALE THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READE.

CHAPTER I.



SAY I, then, that losel shall never blacken my boots again!"

"Say I, then, they are my boots, and not yours, and that faithful serving-man shall brighten them whenever he will."

The gentleman and lady who indulged in this little interchange of compliments before breakfast were man and wife, and had loved each other a Little but not Long. Scant the encouragement to matrimony which my opening episode affords, but the Great Artist's duty is imperative—*et vitam impendere vero!*

Here a little explanation is necessary—not of my Latin, for that will be found among the "Words, Phrases, and Quotations from Foreign

Languages" in the appendices of all modern dictionaries—but of my plan. *In medio tutissimus ibis*: Safety lies in the middle, both in parting hair and beginning stories. On that hint I have acted. To begin now with the beginning:

Miss Katrine Phaeton was a young lady of Cumberland, born of rich but respectable



Kate Phaeton and her eyes. (Photographed by Brady.)

parents. Her hair was golden, her eyes gray. She had a fashion of doing up the former that puzzled her rivals, and of using the latter that bewildered her victims. The secret of her *chignon* was known to none. As for her eyes, she had a way of turning them on slowly, as

careful housewives do gas, so that the victim could not fail to observe two things: first, that they were grand and beautiful orbs, though the pupil was without a master; secondly, that they were overlooking him instead of looking at him. Some persons would have thought her cross-eyed—but it was only a way she had.

So contemplated by such curious eyes, a man feels queer. He doesn't know whether he is being looked at or not.

She was rather charitable, and made no bones of giving all the cold victuals about the house to the poor. All she required in return from those around her was, that they should be Roman Catholics, and do precisely as she wished them to do in every thing. Singularly enough, much uglier and richer girls married on all sides of her, but this eccentric beauty remained Miss Phaeton at two times twenty.

She hunted once a month, and was at home in the saddle—but did not give her receptions there. So admirably balanced was her character, that, notwithstanding her love of the manly sport, she had no ambition to be a jockey nor a groom. But one day they drew Yewtree Bow, and out shot a fox. A hedger saw him shoot, and gave the view halloo; and away across country, like new brooms, swept dogs, horses, and men. But, notwithstanding all this enumeration, *Dux fœmina facti*—and so it was, Deuse takes the hindmost.

It was a gallant chase, and our dreamy virgin's back got up. Her golden hair streamed and her gray eyes watered, as lithe and blithe she sat upon her great white gelding, riding over huntsmen as well as hounds, and jumping ditches and hedges where the stoutest stee-

ple-chase riders of the county were stuck and staked.

Having outridden and jumped over every body and every thing, Miss Phaeton was naturally soon next to the fox, and saw that sagacious

animal when he, not wishing to be run over, glided into Dogwood Undermore. The huntsmen and hounds were at this time so far in arrears that they mistook the great white gelding for the fox, and the back-hair of the dreamy virgin for his brush.



How Kate overlooked Foxes and things—the Great White Gelding points.

Sat Miss Phaeton so long and still upon her horse at the corner of the under-wood, that she fell into a deep reverie, and did not see the fox

when he stole out, though her eyes were bent

in that direction. The fox thought she was looking at him, but here the peculiarity of those grand and beautiful orbs made itself apparent—she was *overlooking* him. Huntsmen and hounds were swearing and tearing in all directions, but Miss Phaeton sat quietly and turned over in her head a plan for converting all the world to Roman Catholicism. Not so her horse. He plunged, and then didn't, and then trembled all over and planted his forefeet together at this angle \backslash . At the same moment he slanted his hind-legs thus $/$. The following was then the position: $/\backslash$. It may be mathematically stated thus: $/\backslash = \bigcirc$

So braced he could not move a peg; a horse divided against himself can not stir—*quod erat demonstrandum*. But he looked a deal more statuesque than any three statues in England—as may readily be imagined. And, by the by, the gentlemen who carve horses in our native style, did they ever see one in that fix—out of a picture-book?

The whipper-in came up and was somewhat surprised at the attitudes of both horse and rider. From that of the former he thought that the fox had popped out; from that of the latter that Liffith Lank, who was in the neighborhood, had either popped or was expected to. It never occurred to his simple soul that a meeting of the hounds could be converted into a meeting of the *Congregatio de Propagandâ Fide*.

However, a huntsman came up and made bold to touch his hat, and ask her if she had seen nothing of the fox.

She toyed with the horn that hung at her girdle, looked him dreamily in the face, and replied, "Yes."

He blew his own horn lustily, and asked which way Pug had gone. Upon which Miss Phaeton looked him dreamily in the face again and made answer that she did not know.

"But didst not say thou saw'st him?"

"Not so, sweetheart," said she, laying her hand upon his arm softly and smiling sweetly. "You asked had I seen nothing of the fox, and I replied, yes—and I have seen nothing of the fox."

Thereupon the huntsman took a small but sizable flask from his pocket, put it to his lips and wound another horn, for he now saw what the dreamy virgin was at. He understood that she had overlooked the fox.

"Couple up and go home to supper!" said Miss Phaeton, sublimely disregarding that it was not supper-time, and of the object which had brought forty dogs and men and horses and herself to the field. "The fox is in his hole by this time." And touching spur to her horse, she jumped over the astonished huntsman's head, and cantered slowly home across country, as though nothing had happened.

“*Courage, mes amis !*” remarked the huntsman to his friends, as he rearranged the Amidon which the hoof of the great white gelding had grazed and damaged, thinking the while that it was the Fall fashion, and had cost ten dollars—
“*Courage, mes amis, le diable est mort !*”

Miss Phaeton had not ridden many miles when Liffith Lank galloped up to her side. In expectation of this event, she had been holding in her impatient horse for the last half-hour.

“Is it you, Liffith?” she cried, with a sudden start of surprise; “who would have thought it!”

Mark you the woman there. Why, think you, the grand and beautiful orbs overlooked the fox when he broke cover at Dogwood Undermore? Why, think you, she broke up the hunt? Let me whisper it to you in small type—

The fox was not her little game!

O THE SEX!

Slowly they galloped along together, the white gelding leading. For, in this instance, Liffith’s gray mare was not the better horse.

“Kate,” spoke Liffith, “I’ve been courting you nigh upon three years, and now there’s another lad come into court. Mayhap you think me a ladder. It is time you said me yes or no. I love you, Kate, and how could you be so cruel as love any other man? There, let me get off my horse and lie down on the stubble, and you


ride over me. I would rather have you trample on my ribs than below the belt ; but choose your own turnpike, Dearest—and any way, I've a policy of insurance against accidents in my pocket. Wilt have me, Kate ?”

(That was the way they made love on horse-back in the middle ages, before the invention of parlors and easy-chairs and bay-windows and turbine water-wheels.)

Miss Phaeton turned her glorious eyes upon her lover. “What think you, Liffith, of the Doctrine of Transubstantiation ?” said she softly, looking him dreamily in the face.

Liffith muttered a word which, under the circumstances, might be called an allowable rhyme, and dashing the spurs into his horse, rode fiercely away. A casual observer might have thought Miss Phaeton was looking after him. Not so ; the peculiarity of those grand and beautiful orbs again came in ; she saw but the moon.

CHAPTER II.



MISS PHAETON rode home and found another lover's horse at the gate. She smiled: "Two beaux on a string are quite as good as two strings to a bow," thought she.

Old Joe, the groom, who had served long and faithfully in the family on board wages, hobbled out:

"Mistress Kate," said he, "have you seen Liffith Lank anywheres?"

The young lady colored at this question, and replied she didn't know. This was one of woman's *WHITE LIES*.

"But why?" she asked.

"Why?" repeated old Joe, "all the girls in town be runnin' after un now. The blinds be down at Bolton Hall, and they do say as 'ow the old Squire be dead. Here be a letter sealed with black for Master Liffith."

Miss Phaeton took the letter, opened and read it. The news was brief but good, and the grand and glorious orbs brightened. Old Mr. Churlton was dead, and Liffith was heir to Bolton Hall. Carefully resealing the letter, she told Joe

to drop it into the post-office, and bolted into the house.

In the hall she met George Neverill. He was a young man, handsome and accomplished ; had traveled on the Continent and in America ; had made love to all the women he met, and was in nowise troubled with bashfulness nor doubt of his own merits and good looks.

"I love you, Kate," said he, putting his arm round the young lady's waist. "I love you better than I loved Mimi, or Marguerite, or Isabella, or Beatrice, or Dorothy Jane—the latter being a native of Maine. And the pride of Cucumderland and pearl of all other lands has but to say the word to be mistress of my heart and of Honiton Grange. Wilt be my wife, Kate?"

Honiton Grange suggested Honiton lace, and the lines of the young lady's mouth relaxed.

There was a sound as of "P'weep," a succession of similar sounds, *decies repetita placebit*—and Miss Phaeton dreamily wiped her lips.

"Wilt do me a favor, George?" said she.

"Ay," replied he, "an' it be not to shave my head and turn priest."

"Seest yonder horseman, on the gray mare? He is leaving the country. Ride after and bring him back."

"Ay," and George Neverill left with alacrity.

But he returned with alacrity, and came in without rapping.

"Is not yon gentleman Liffith Lank?"

"Ay," said Kate quietly.

"And you wish I should bring him back to you that you may——"

"Marry him," put in Kate, looking dreamily in his eyes.

George Neverill reached out his hand and shook hers warmly.

"I admire coolness," said he, "and this suits me exactly. But go after him you, and ride my piebald charger."

"You are a *preux chevalier*," said Kate; "excuse me a moment," and vanished—promising to be back in five minutes.


George Neverill stood alone. "*C'est un peu fort*," muttered he to himself. Five minutes passed, fifteen, twenty, thirty, sixty; it was hard upon his dinner hour, and there was none to ask him to tarry and dine. Mounting Miss Phaeton's horse which stood at the gate, he rode thoughtfully home, telling old Joe it was all right, and giving him a shilling to drink to his wedding with Miss Phaeton.

In the mean while, Kate had overtaken Liffith, and explained to him that she would "think about it." He at once promised to build a nunnery, to take the veil himself, if it would at all avail or conduce to her happiness, and all around them were to be Roman Catholics.

In a delightful frame of mind, Miss Phaeton

rode home, and on learning that George Neverill had waited her return until the last stroke of the dinner hour, averred her belief that he was a good-natured and handsome fellow. On being told that he had ridden the white gelding away, her face fell, but only for a moment. "The pie bald charger is much the better of the two," said she, and sat joyfully down to dinner.

CHAPTER III.

IVILIZATION has many meters. Sometimes these meters imbrue their hands in each other's blood—and all for the want of an international copy-right. But for information on this head, let me refer you to my book called the Eighth Commandment. In the present one—my Masterpiece—I intend to treat only of the Seventh and its infractions.

The reader will readily infer that this is not a child's book—especially a little girl's book. It is not a boatful of pap, and paps should be careful about introducing it into the nursery. *Præmonitus præmunitus.*

Nice the row when George Neverill rode into the yard of the Roebuck on Miss Phaeton's great white gelding.

"You are a liar, and a scoundrel!" cried Liffith, striding up to him.

It was hard to be worsted in a horse-trade and then accosted in this abrupt way by a rival. George Neverill ground his teeth—as though he would make meal of his adversary. The rivals measured each other from head to foot, (with a small tape-line which was kindly furnished by one of the waiters,) and Liffith, finding himself a half inch the taller, hesitated no longer, but struck straight out from the shoulder.

Amid the darkness which overshadowed Neverill's vision this glittered :



Dost recognize the constellation, gentle reader ? There are other Southern Crosses in our universe besides Mulattoes.

"It is Never too Late to Mend," said Neverill, as he picked up his broken nose and left the ring.

CHAPTER IV.



HE very next day, Mr. Chouseman took advantage of an errand in the neighborhood, and rode over to see Miss Phaeton.

Mr. Chouseman was a highly respectable solicitor, who had obtained the position of trust and confidence he occupied, by riding around the country on convenient errands, and inducting young lady acquaintances into the secrets of his clients.

So the very next day he rode over to Miss Phaeton, and told her she was in luck.

"How?" queried she.

"Two young men are going to fight a duel to the death for you."

"Liffith and George?" she carelessly asked, cracking a hickory nut with her white and delicate teeth.

"Ay, and both have made their wills in your favor. So if either be killed——"

"And if both?" said Miss Phaeton, with the old dreamy look in her eyes.

"You have *two* estates," said Chouseman, rubbing his hands.

"But not *one* husband," remarked Miss Phae-

ton thoughtfully. "Tell them to saddle the piebald charger," she immediately cried, turning to an attendant.

The two combatants were on the ground, earnestly wishing that some peace officer would come in and arrest an affair which had already gone quite far enough to be pleasant. Two shots had been exchanged, to the imminent peril of the seconds, who had both posted themselves behind trees while giving the word for the third fire.

"Are you ready?"

{ "Yes."

{ "Yes."



A Jewel of a Girl, doing the polite at a Duel.

At this moment the piebald charger stepped quietly in and stood between the leveled pistols. There were two simultaneous reports. Miss Phaeton, who never believed reports, paid no attention to either, but caught the bullets gracefully, one in each hand, and returned them with her compliments to the two duelists.

Liffith upon his scratched these words :

"i love Kate!"

and swallowed it. This act of gallantry, and the patent fact that he was entirely in the wrong in the quarrel, moved Kate in his favor.

"How sweet !" she cried.

"Ay, Sugar of Lead," muttered the Scotch surgeon, who happened to be none other than our old acquaintance in the hard cash times, Dr. Sampson.

Neverill didn't make much out of the ball ; but he swopped horses again, and got back the piebald charger.



CHAPTER V.



ONE so blind as those that CAN'T see!
A pleasant party was assembled in the late Mr. Churlton's parlor to hear the will read.

To his faithful servants the deceased gentleman left a shilling each ; to an illegitimate son his old

clothes, cut in the fashion of a preceding generation, and the family seal ; to Liffith Lank a lock of his hair, and to Miss Phaeton all the balance of his estate, real and personal.

Among others who came to congratulate Miss Phaeton came Liffith, sorrowful and seedy. She looked at him a moment, more in sorrow than in anger. *Point d'argent, point de Suisse* ; no money, no point lace and Swiss muslin, thought she, but her better nature prevailed. There was enough for two, and her life was monotonous ; theretofore her amusements had chiefly consisted in working figures of the saints on samplers, and confessing to Father Francis. A husband would be a pleasant variety, she thought.

And Neverill helped the thing along. He proposed that she should give Liffith all of his and her property, and marry him—Neverill. Again the peculiarity of the grand and beautiful orbs came in. Kate looked him dreamily in the eyes, but she did not see him——

Nor did she see IT——

So she wrote Liffith a note, asking him to call on her as soon as convenient, and to come sober.

Unfortunately Liffith, on receiving the note, was so drunk that he could not read it. However, a kind and sober parson, named Eden, read it for him. After lying in a snow-bank for an hour or two, which made him feel quite fresh and

comfortable and presentable, he contrived to stagger beneath Miss Phaeton's window.

She put her lovely head out, utterly regardless of the climate, the season, and a neuralgia, to which she was subject of old. "Art there?" said she. "Speak, dearest."

Straightening himself up against the turret, honest Liffith hiccoughed, "I (hic) I (hic) I love (hic, hic, hic) Kate, (hic, hic, hic, hic.)"



Popping.—Showing what the extract of Pop-corn does.

The thing was done, and Kate was captivated. Wrong in the quarrel, poor as a crow, drunk as a beast, and every body urging her to marry somebody else, her affections at once centred on Liffith.

So the next morning Neverill got a note, the contents of which ran much as follows :

"It having suddenly occurred to me that you would like to marry me, I have consulted Liffith—to whom I have been engaged for three years past—and he thinks you would. Brother Leonard sees nothing wrong in it, inclining to view it as a laudable ambition; but Liffith and Father Francis view the matter in a different light. For my part, I am very much surprised, for I have done nothing to deserve such treatment. But I forgive you. Farewell. Be virtuous, join the Roman Catholic Church, and you will be happy.

"P. S.—I am afraid you will think me a coquette, but I do not think I am one.

"P. P. S.—I wish you would get me a few skeins of worsted of the inclosed pattern.

"P. P. S.—If you shaved your head, perhaps you would feel etter."

"And what answer will you make?" said Father Francis, who delivered the note.

"Answer! I'll not waste a postage-stamp, i'faith," growled George.

"But I'll carry the message," said the priest.

"Then here's my reply," said George, grinding his teeth, (perhaps because he couldn't have a mill with his rival,) "she's old enough to understand French, if she doesn't. Tell her.

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

"I'm not the first sold by a damsel."

And with that he walked moodily away. He looked at the sky, and the stars seemed to smile at his anguish. Cold and pitiless, the pale moon

looked down upon his woe. Longingly he looked for a sign to assuage the grief which gnawed at his heart. Suddenly his eye brightened.

Would you behold this great discovery, the same in magnitude and appearance as it met the eyes of the first discoverers, dragged with a rake from the bottom of a bay, opened with a knife, and swallowed by an adventurous mortal, after successive generations had passed it by without deeming it succulent?

Then turn your eyes hither, for here it is. Sold, in the cellar he found compensation.



CHAPTER VI.



LIFFITH made a tolerably good husband, as husbands went in those days. Generally he was able to get up-stairs after dinner without more than two servants to assist him, and he very seldom got into bed without taking off his boots. When he did, he was especially careful to remove his spurs.

On one occasion, when Liffith forgot himself with both spurs and boots, Mrs. Lank remonstrated with him ; but he turned upon her, and called her A PRURIENT PRUDE, and threatened to drag her before the public ; seeing her error, she confessed it. On the whole, their married life rippled on about as happily as ever married life does.

The main trouble was about "help." Mrs. Lank was prejudiced against good-looking chambermaids, and Liffith was opposed to Roman Catholic serving-men, who excelled in polish in every thing, except in the matter of polishing boots. This brings us to the opening of our story.

"I say, the hussy shall pack," Mrs. Lank had remarked.

She had asked him, a few seconds previously, to bring out his *viol da gamba*. Alas! her speech had the effect of bringing out a vial of wrath!

"Say I, then, that losel shall never blacken my boots again."

"Say I, then, they are my boots, and not yours, and that faithful serving-man shall brighten them whenever he will."

Here Mrs. Lank was wrong. Because she paid for the boots, by no means did it follow that throw them she should every morning in her husband's face. Nor, strictly speaking by the letter of the law, were they her boots, whether paid she for them or not. As well have claimed his breeches, night she, and these she could no more have filled than his boots. *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfice.*

Besides, for the matter of that, they were not boots at all; they were A PAIR OF HOB-NAILED SHOES.

Sometimes Liffith thought that he had got an elephant on his hands—that he might as well have married Mademoiselle D'jek—for at times he did indeed feel much dejected—and been a Jack of all Trades at once.

Mrs. Lank had in her employ a lady named Ryder—and ride her mistress she did with a vengeance. In combing Mrs. Lank's long and beautiful hair, she tangled and pulled it viciously; capillary attraction exerted its force to soften her obdurate heart in vain. Ask you why Ryder

was so relentless and remorseless? She loved Liffith, and pulling his wife's hair was the only way she had of showing it. *Causa latet, vis est notissima.*



Combing it rather strong.

In short, Ryder was a Dangerous Female, and I would not like to ride alone with her on one of the English railways, where the carriages, you must know, are small, and seldom filled. Not content with pulling out her mistress's hair, she was always and forever putting fleas in her master's ear.

It may not have been before remarked by our reader, but Liffith's chief besetting sin—aside from his unfortunate habit of getting drunk—was lunacy. On the subject of priests he was monomaniacal. He had a way of strangling

them when they ventured upon his grounds, which was not only inconvenient to the priests, but distasteful as well to his wife, who had a remarkable respect and fondness for the cloth—sending them soups and gravies till one might have thought it was a table-cloth.

And Ryder was always egging him on.

One day she nagged and egged him so much that he determined to break the yolk. So he collared a poor devil of a priest, with whom his wife happened to be discussing the vicarious powers of the Pope, and shook and trampled him till there was seemingly no life left in him.

Black and blue and livid, those who picked the poor priest up thought he was suffering from an attack of the Malignant Collarer.

So Liffith, thinking he had killed his man, fled the county, taking with him all his wife's jewels. In his desperation he never drew bridle-rein till he reached an inn in the next county, a good twenty miles away, called the "Packhorse." (Why he did not go further, know I not, but perchance he was fearful of faring worse.) There he proceeded to unpack, and, having nothing better to do, fell to drinking on an empty stomach, until he drank himself into a brain-fever.

Liffith was always in luck, and at this inn he found another woman with grand and beautiful orbs. But this was a dove-eyed angel. When Mercy Vintner looked at things she saw them,

which was more than could be said of Mrs. Lank.

Had not Liffith possessed the constitution of a horse, he would have succumbed to the fever. And perhaps it was because of his possessing the constitution of a horse that a farrier succeeded in curing him after a regular physician had given him up. *Similia similibus curantur*. Any way, what with Mercy's nursing, and the glauber and aloes which the farrier prescribed for him, Liffith got sufficiently well to decline wearing the shroud which a kind old lady was embroidering for him, and call for a shirt.

The next thing he called for was a parson, and he and Mercy were made one, much to the delight of the parents, who thought that such a son-in-law behind the bar would bring custom to the "Packhorse." Had they known his habits, they would have trembled on trusting him with the keys. For than Liffith there were few squarer drinkers in the county.

The farrier, who had been engaged to Mercy, came in just as the ceremony was over. For a moment he stared woefully at the picture, and then said very dryly: "I am too late for the wedding and too early for the funeral, methinks."

"That you be, Paul," said Mrs. Vintner cheerfully, "she is meet for your master."

"If he be taken sick again, the devil may dose him," growled Paul, and leaving the room in dis-

gust he withdrew his custom from the "Pack-horse" forever. On being asked the reason, he replied that he did not like the new Bar-Keeper.



CHAPTER VII.



LIFFITH might have shown his gratitude to Mercy in a better way than marrying her, when he knew very well that he had a wife and child in the next county.

It was scarcely the right thing to do ; for there is a popular prejudice against a man having two wives, and one should always endeavor to conform to the customs of society. But I am writing of a period with which Fielding dealt, and can not forget my double character of moralist and artist. "Liffith Lank" is no worse than "Tom Jones" or "Ferdinand Count Fathom." So, while all these fellows are batting at me, why do they not do a little Fielding? This tale hath floated the "Argosy," and sustained the "Atlantic." The reader will remark that I have floated the floater. In deference to the absurd prejudices of society I have already omitted a great deal that would have added to the interest of the story and its success among the masses—*exempli gratia*, the Mrs. Potiphar business between Ryder and Liffith. All this I intend to publish in a sequel, if

the matter can be satisfactorily arranged with my publishers. And it can be, without doubt. For it is a mistake to suppose that I consult them or any one else regarding the morality of what I write. The only thing I discuss with them is bulk and price—principally bulk. For I am an artist as well as a moralist, and—*ars longa*, etc.—my art chiefly displays itself in the length of my stories. *Verbum sap.*

To return to my story. Matters did not go on very thrivingly at the “Packhorse” after the marriage. The prudent parents, who had thought that Liffith was a highwayman, and would bring purses home occasionally, found to their great disappointment that he was a gentleman, and exceedingly awkward behind the bar. Moreover, he drank like a fish; nay, he drank not like a fish, for a fish drinks but water, and little of that drank Liffith. It was ale and sack and sherry possets, until every thing was empty. He drank them out of house and home, and creditors threatened to sell out the “Packhorse.”

Reproached by Mr. Vintner, Liffith requested the old man to cease his taunts, and proposed to buy him out. To this a ready agreement was made, for the “Packhorse” was old, and the sign needed new painting, and the custom was poor. The best customer about the house was Liffith, but he did not even charge himself with what he drank.

The question of price was soon settled ; that of bulk had already been disposed of, for it was in bulk that the inn was bought, and the only thing that remained was payment. It became a question of cash——

VERY HARD CASH.

At mention of this, Liffith's face fell. For he had spent all the money he took from the priest at leaving, and what he had raised from selling and pawning his other wife's jewels. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would go back to that other wife and borrow of her enough money to set himself and this one up in business. So it is the words of the old song came true,

“ Nous revenons toujours
A nos premiers amours.”

And he saddled his great black horse and set off to see the other Mrs. Lank. His father-in-law, who thought he was going out to the high road to follow his old trade of “stand and deliver,” bade him God-speed, but the dove-eyed angel sighed. For he might come to grief, thought she, and it would not be pleasant to be widow of a man who was hanged.

Liffith delayed two days upon the road, for he began to feel he was riding on an awkward errand. Having turned over in his mind the way he should conduct the disagreeable but necessary business, he determined to conduct it upon business prin-

ciples only, and if collaterals and an indorser were required, to get his father-in-law to back his paper.

Singularly enough, he found his wife exactly where he had left her. She was looking carefully over the ground, in accordance with her usual custom, to find the purse that had been dropped in the scuffle with the priest. Aside from being dressed in a magnificent Irish poplin, she was not much changed from what Liffith remembered her. Ryder had not pulled all her golden hair out, and she was still a passable-looking woman.

She threw herself on Liffith's neck, panted on his shoulder, and asked him what was the news.

"You are but a woman," said he—as though that were news to her—and put her roughly away. "I came not to make love, but to make a loan."

Mrs. Lank was a proud woman. "An that be the case," said she, "we will go into the house and talk it over."

Seated in the house: "My jewels, that you did me the honor to take, would not last you long, I feared," said she, "so I expected something of this visit."

"A man can not live on hearing of sermons and smelling two rose-buds," replied Liffith.

N. B.—That was spoke sarcastic, as Sylvanus the Sugary says.

The upshot of it all was that Mrs. Lank advanced him five dollars on his personal recognizance. It being nightfall before the necessary negotiations were concluded, Liffith generously consented to stay to dinner, and, as a matter of course, got drunk. A separate apartment had been aired and placed at his disposal, but by an effort of "organic memory" he managed to mistake the room, nor did he discover the mistake until it was too late to remedy it.

Such little mistakes will occur in the best-regulated families — especially when one man maintains two, living in separate counties.

Early the next morning he mounted his horse and rode away to the dove-eyed angel, carrying five dollars in his pocket.

"There," said he, flinging the postal currency down on the table, "I come not to thee empty-handed."

"Nor I to thee. While thou wast saying, 'Stand and deliver,' see what I did," said Mercy, with a heavenly smile, pointing to a cradle which Liffith had not before observed. It contained a boy three years old.

On the whole, he thought he'd go back to Kate; and Mercy, on hearing the whole story, coincided with him in the opinion that it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. Liffith proposed Utah, if his other wife could be brought to consent; but the dove-eyed was not willing to dovetail into any such an arrangement.

So back rode he to Cucumberland. But here found he himself in a sad pickle. For Mrs.



THE "CRADLE SONG."

Lank had heard of his goings on. Company was in the house, and all sat at dinner when Liffith entered the room.

"Is there place for one more?" said he inquiringly.

"No," replied Mrs. Lank decisively, as she helped Father Francis to fish.

Such a meeting of man and wife never I nor any one else saw.

At this moment one idea suddenly and simultaneously occurred to all the well-bred guests; and that idea was, that they were, perhaps, *de trop*.

Liffith saw them leave with a sinking heart, for well knew he what was coming.

Mrs. Lank called him a Skulking Skeesicks, and threatened to collar him and drag him before a jury of his countrymen. "The constables shall come for you in the morning," said she, and with that bade Ryder show him to a room in the attic.

Little liking the accommodations, and still less the idea of constables in the morning, Liffith waited until Ryder had left the room, and then, opening the window, let himself down to the ground by the tin water-pipe that ran along the eaves.

The next morning Liffith was *non est inventus*. And the morning after the next, Mrs. Lank was arrested on suspicion of having murdered him.

Before hanging her, however, it was necessary to find the body. Now a little distance from the house was a mere, filled with carp and eels and

pike and other fish, always fresh and fit for the table from the fact that they were fed principally upon parsons and peddlers. It was a mere suspicion that the body was here, but they determined to drag the mere.

For some time they dragged nothing to the surface but parsons and peddlers and tin pots and broken jugs, but at length they clawed hold of something else.

"Draw slowly," said the contractor, "and *if it is*, be men, and hold fast."

The men drew slowly, slowly, and presently there rose to the surface a Thing to strike terror and loathing to the stoutest soul.



A Thing to strike Terror to the Stoutest Soul.

It was not an editor, nor an anonymous correspondent, nor a Prurient Prude. It was the pair of hobnailed shoes before alluded to in capital letters. They were identified by a ground-mole, found in one of them.

With this evidence against her, Mrs. Lank's case was regarded as hopeless; but nevertheless, it was determined to make an effort in her defense. Prominent in this movement was George Neverill. He hoped two things: first, that Liffith was indeed eaten up by the fish in the mere; secondly, that Kate would be acquitted.

CHAPTER VIII.



THINGS looked serious.

Ryder had heard Mrs. Lank threaten her husband, and a splash had been heard in the mere that night. The theory that it was only a fish jumping was laughed to scorn.

The idea that Mercy might know something about the whereabouts of Liffith suggested itself to Mrs. Lank, and George Neverill was dispatched to find that dove-eyed angel. But she knew no more about it all than the other Mrs. Lank.

A notice appearing in one of the leading dailies of the period, that a gentleman of refinement, education, and wealth, and good-looking withal, would like to correspond with a large number of young ladies, with a view to matrimony, George suggested that this must be Liffith. But Mercy said no. She did not think he was marrying nowadays so much as formerly.

“What shall we do?” cried Neverill in despair.

“Consult the spirits,” replied Mercy; and a circle was immediately formed, but with no satisfactory result.

One spirit, on being consulted, rapped out, A-D-V-E-R-T-I-S-E, but being the ghost of a newspaper proprietor—whose widow continued the business—the advice was attributed to interested motives.

Nevertheless, she and George laid their heads together, and concocted the following, which appeared among the “Personals” in all the city and country papers soon after :

“If Liffith Lank, who is suspected of having been murdered, will send his address to either of his wives, or apply to the Sheriff of this county, he will hear of something to his advantage.
eod2p&wtf.”

The day before the trial Neverill telegraphed Mercy to know if any answer had come to the advertisement.

She replied, "No."

To this telegram there were two postscripts
First postscript, in a tremulous hand :

"Consult the spirits."

Second postscript, in a spiritual hand :

Drain the mere

"Nonsense!" said matter-of-fact Mr. Chouseman, "we have enow to do with pumping the witnesses, let alone draining the mere. We want no more parsons and peddlers."

CHAPTER IX.



COURT was in session.

"Katrine Lank," said the Judge, "look me in the face."

The prisoner turned her eyes slowly upon him. He saw in an instant that she was not looking at him, and was about to commit her for contempt, when an old friend of the family stepped up, and explained the peculiarity of the grand and beautiful orbs.

Mr. Whitworth, the junior counsel for the Crown, then rose to open the case; but the pris-

oner, with a pale face, but most courteous demeanor, begged his leave to ask a previous question of the court. Mr. Whitworth bowed, and sat down.

"My lord," said she, looking the Judge dreamily in the face, "what think you of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?"

At this the crier shouted, "O yez! O yez! O yez!" and the trial went on.

But I will not weary the reader with a detail of the tedious process of an English court of law.

Various witnesses gave their testimony, and Mrs. Lank subjected each to a severe cross-examination upon the dogmas of the Church.

At the conclusion of the case for the prosecution, the prisoner stated that she should only call one witness for the defense.

"Mercy Vintner!" cried she.

And Mercy Vintner, who had been consulting the spirits in a side-room, stepped forward.

"State to the court what you know about the case," said Mrs. Lank.

"Nothing, an please your lordship," said Mercy, with a courtesy, "but that Liffith Lank an't dead yet."

"But twenty witnesses declare that he is," remarked the Judge. "The balance of evidence is against you." And despite an appealing look from the dove-eyed angel, he was about to put on his black cap and pass sentence, for it was already

past his dinner hour. But Mercy quietly took a note from her reticule and handed it to him.

The note was from Liffith, and was addressed to the Judge. It briefly stated that he was alive ; but that he did not like to present himself for a family reason—or rather for a two-family reason. He had read about jails in a work by a popular author, entitled “Never Too Late to End,” and did not wish to make close acquaintance with the punishment-jacket, and cranks, cold *douches*, and visiting justices. He concluded, by asking the Judge to dine with him when he happened to drop down his way ; paid a score of compliments to both his wives, and threatened to whip any body who hanged either of them.

The court was at once dismissed, and Mrs. Lank apologized to a jury of her countrymen for the trouble she had given them. She entered no legal proceedings against her husband, fearful that, even if found guilty, the jury would recommend him to Mercy.

CHAPTER X.



CHANGE came over Mrs. Lank from that day forward. She had learned that the law will not allow even a woman to threaten to collar any body with impunity.

In the mean time, Liffith Lank, Esq, who had succeeded to an immense and independent fortune in his own right, reappeared in public. It was said that he had compromised matters with the Vintners, but whether he had or not, no suit at law was brought against him, and he set about building a fine house, with large grounds and conservatories, but no meres and fish-ponds about the premises.

Mrs. Lank heard of the new place, and riding past there one day, thought how much finer it was than Hernshaw Castle.

One day she received a note in a well-known hand of write. She had been expecting something of the kind, and it caused her no surprise. It contained but these words :

"MADAM: I do not ask you to forgive me. But I have built a fine new house of Milwaukee brick, furnished with all the modern improvements—gas, water, bells, and speaking-tubes, and only five minutes' walk from the depot. I have also abandoned all ideas

of going into the hotel business in another county. Your apartments are ready for you.

"With renewed assurances of my most distinguished consideration, I remain, your husband,
LIFFITH LANK."

The messenger awaited a reply.

"I will consult my child," said Mrs. Lank. And calling to her little girl, *atat*, eighteen months, who was playing in the parlor, she asked would it have some sugar-plums?

"'Es," lisped little Rose.

"As you please," said Mrs. Lank, and sat down and wrote as follows:

"SIR: I have consulted my child, and we both agree to submit to your judgment. Please send a carriage.

"Yours respectfully,

KATRINE LANK.

"P. S. I have no objection to going a short distance into the country."

The thing was done.

In the mean while, Providence having kindly killed off the offspring of her affair with Liffith—the little fellow clearly had no right to stand in the way of his mother's making a good match—George Neverill had married the dove-eyed angel. The two families exchanged cards, but did not visit each other.

So my task is ended.

I have aimed to show that bigamy is against the law, and hope I have succeeded.

In the present case it happens, unfortunately,

that the only one who felt the terrors of the law, and came near suffering its penalties, was the injured wife. And the only persons who were called upon to suffer at all were the three really innocent ones, George Neverill, the dove-eyed angel, and the little boy—the first having been jilted, the second most cruelly deceived and injured, and the last carried off by the scarlet fever to make room for a father-in-law. As for Liffith, he had the satisfaction of living with the two prettiest women in England, and escaping without even a suit for damages. Under the circum-



Showing what a man can achieve by honest industry.

stances, an action for breach of promise could scarcely have been made to lie. On the whole,

our hero can not be held up as an example to young men. But these are the facts, and I simply tell them. *Que voulez vous ?* Is not virtue its own reward ?

ST. TWELMO;

OR, THE

Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga.

BY C. H. WEBB,

Author of "Liffith Lank."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SOL ERTINGE, JR.

OLD SAWS FROM MODERN FILES.

"Lives there, O 'Evans! beneath thy dread expanse,
One blind Idolater of Fumbling Chance?"

OLD CONUNDRUM.

ARGUMENT.

It will perhaps be complained that in this book the author "aims at nothing." If so, let me reply, in his behalf, that if he hits it he will be perfectly satisfied.

Originally, I intended to address myself only to the half-educated idiots of the land who are unfamiliar with the Coptic and do not take dictionaries with them into the country by way of light summer reading. But if the learned are attracted to my net, so much the better—all is fish. In the outset I own to an endeavor to catch a spark of St. Elmo's fire—there's nothing mean about me. As old Thomas Fuller quaintly puts it, "Let my candle go out in a stink when I refuse to confess from whom I have lighted it." If it be further urged that, not content with a spark, I have in some instances raked the entire hearth, I fear I must still plead guilty to the charge. For where it was impossible to pile on the agony and erudition, I took whole pages, as well as paragraphs, from the original, dispensing with quotation remarks. If it be complained that, in consequence, the reader can not tell where the original ends and the travesty begins, certainly a higher compliment, or a more complete justification of purpose, could not fall to my lot.

C. H. W.

POVERTURE OF OLD SAWS.

"Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich."

SOME COMMENTATOR.

"Chacun a son stile; le mien, comme vous voyez, n'est pas laconique."—MME.
DE SEVIGNE.

"He hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms." SHAKESPEARE.

"Many a load of learning
Elaborate products of the midnight toll
Of Belgian brains." AGENSIDE.

"I have read it, and still live."—WEBSTER.

"You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration, but now and
then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing."—JOHN NEWTON.

"Oh! for a quill plucked from a seraph's wing!"—YOUNG.

"One of those little prating girls
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories."

DRYDEN.

"God hath given to some men wisdom and understanding, and to others the art
of playing on the fiddle."—OLD PROVERB.

"They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in nowise injured by us, because
it is in their own hands to share that labor which they are not willing to endure."—
HOOKER.

"What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who, helog
to expound the Prophet Isalah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first
chapter, and yet finished it not."—THOMAS FULLER.

"Ye shall know that we may dissemble in earnest as well as in sport, under
covert and dark terms, and in learned and apparent speeches, in short sentences,
and by long ambance and circumstance of words."—PUTTENHAM.

"I exhort all people, gentle and simple, men, women, and children, to buy, to
read, to extol these labours of mine. Let them not fear to defend every article, for
I will bear them harmless."—ARBUTHNOT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Doing the Pastoral.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties—and a Bucket.

Grandy-eloquence—"Discoursing" a Grand-parent to Death.

The Crash of Matter and the Wreck of Words.

Returning from the Chase.

Safe Bind, Safe Find.

Etna's Englishman.

The Birds of Van Demon's Land.

The Successful Authoress—Showing that Etna did not mistake her Calling.

On the Look-Out.

St. Twel'mo ;

OR, THE

CUNEIFORM CYCLOPEDIST OF CHATTANOOGA.

CHAPTER I.



T. TWEL'MO was an extraordinary character, living under the shadow of Look-out Mountain.

Whether he lived there because of the blind fumbling of Atheistic Chance, or in accordance with a rigid edict of Pantheistic Necessity, will never be known to any one ; but it is quite likely that necessity had something to do with it, since it is otherwise impossible to understand why a man should live so far from civilization—and so near Chattanooga !

Eccentricities may have compelled him to seek this retirement, for it is quite certain that a man of his manners would have been tolerated in no respectable society ; and had he attempted to pitch his tent further north, the catholic chances

are that he would have been speedily committed to an asylum for the insane.

Southern gentlemen generally are given to stock-raising ; but under the shadow of Lookout Mountain St. Twel'mo gathered about him some of the most extraordinary horned cattle that ever were seen in a farm-yard. Instead of dun cows from Durham, he imported a white cow from Ava, utterly regardless of expense and the remonstrance of the negress dairy-maid (the beast had no milk-giving medium) that she should much prefer "an udder kine."



Doing the Pastoral.

Then there were reindeer from Lapland, walruses from the cold Arctic seas, goats from Cashmere, (which were mere goats after all,) chamois from the

Jungfrau, gorillas and guerrillas from Central Africa and Missouri, and pelicans from Louisiana.

These, with the polecat, native to the State, furnished him fragrant food for reflection and employment of his leisure hours. Swearing and stirring up the animals were the only amusements in which he indulged, quoting poetry and rude-

ness to his mother constituting the serious business of his life.

f He was accustomed to speak of his *ménage*; but the uneducated whites of the district understood the term only as an abbreviation of "menagerie." It is little wonder that they roundly swore, in the vernacular of that region, that St. Twel'mo had "the *dog-gonedest* and the *ding-stavingest* and the *rip-snortingest* queerest cattle that ever one *sot* eyes on!"

For all his cattle, however, and his fifteen acres of pasture, St. Twel'mo could not be called a "gentleman farmer." For, besides swearing at his mother, he had a habit of yelling ha! ha! at young ladies, and lighting cheap cigars in their presence, without asking them if they "objected to smoking," practices in which gentlemen, whether farmers or not, never indulge.

But I am managing my story very inartistically. Let me introduce the heroine.

Etna Early was another singular character; and I may as well remark, right here, that Look-out Mountain must be continually in labor with queer characters as well as with queer cattle, for certainly it brings forth nothing else, if cotemporary history may be relied on.

At the hour and minute at which our story opens, Etna was carrying a pail of water upon

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The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties
—and a Bucket.

her head, which will fully account for the “classic Caryatides” attitudes for which she afterward became famous, as well as for the symptoms of “water on the brain” which she exhibited at times in the course of her subsequent brilliant career. And while she carried she sang, waking the echoes of Lookout with the chaunt of A Bucket.

Etna’s occupation at the moment of introduction was fortunate; it enabled her to turn pail and throw cold water upon a duel over which she happened to stumble, too late to prevent a fatal consummation to one of the parties, and not early enough, unfortunately, to insure the drowning of both. However, she was quite in time to deliver a lecture on the sinfulness of dueling, to which, as might have been expected, only the dead man turned an ear, neither of the seconds having a minute to spare, and the surviving principal having another engagement on hand.

The next, and perhaps a more important epoch in Etna’s life, was her discovery of a dictionary, though how such a thing got under the shadow of Lookout Mountain only the Lord and the col-porteurs know. This was worse than the duel;

it proved, in fact, a triple calamity, for she acquired in consequence a fatal fondness for polysyllables, a trick of speaking them trippingly, and a contempt for common English, from which she never recovered.

CHAPTER II.



HAD forgotten to mention that Etna had a grandfather, Aaron Hunt, a blacksmith, a useful, and withal a rather sensible man ; reasons enough, and too many, why he should be dismissed from the story and buried under the shadow of Lookout Mountain at the earliest possible moment.

On this occasion Etna, accompanied by her dog "Grip," (his name was Agrippa—and so was he, as many a school-boy could testify to his sorrow,) was skipping along the path that led to the shop. On the way she encountered a solitary horseman, who asked her if there was a blacksmith in the vicinity—his horse had lost a shoe.

With that keen eye to business which everywhere forms an element of the feminine character, Etna replied that her grandfather was in the "profession," and was counted the best "tharabout," pointing the stranger so plainly to the

shop that he could only willfully blunder upon the forge of a rival.

Arrived at the smithy, she found the stranger already there, a natural result of his being on horseback and her on foot. Not at all regardful of the fact that work was on the anvil, and that the stranger was waiting, she seated herself on a keg of nails and asked her grandfather whether he thought Jupiter treated Juno exactly right in the matter of 10 ; for she had not yet encountered a full-grown classical dictionary, and scarcely knew IO even by sight. Her mistake in this instance may, perhaps, be set down to a Tennessee education.

With that ingenuousness and inattention to business for which old age is sometimes remarkable, Aaron dropped the horse's hoof from his lap and proceeded to discuss the mythology in all its bearings and interpretations.

The stranger waxed as wroth with this Aaron, under the shadow of Lookout Mountain, as did Moses with the old-time Aaron under the shadow of Sinai ; and scowled and stamped and clamored to have his horse shod. But it was impossible to quench Etna when eruptive with erudition, and still the lava of learning flowed from the "cra-tur's" mouth.

"Dog-gone Jupiter and Io ! How much do I owe you ?" shouted the stranger at last, flinging a gold dollar down in the tall grass and galloping away with his fingers in his ears.

"He is a rude, blasphemous, wicked man," said Aaron Hunt, after hunting for the coin an hour or two without finding it. "I don't care for the dollar," he added, as he returned his spectacles to his pocket and lit his pipe at the forge, "but I would mainly like to know where the darned thing got to."

Etna continued the search. It was vain so far as finding the money was concerned ; but judge of her surprise and delight when she found, on the stranger's late stamping-ground, an Unabridged Webster's Dictionary, a complete set of the Cyclopedia Britannica, Piper's Operative Surgery, and a Dictionary of Familiar Quotations. On the fly-leaf of one of the volumes was printed "12mo," and on that of the "Unabridged," *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*.

Turning to the book of quotations, she found that the phrase was translated, "Who enters here leaves Hope behind."

Seating herself on the grass, she committed to memory all the big words of the Dictionary and half the contents of the Cyclopedia, before sundown. Returning home, she found her grandfather peacefully smoking a pipe at his cottage door.

"Welcome, my child," said he, "come, tell me how you have amused yourself this bright, beautiful afternoon."

"Aged grandsire," replied the child, "to plunge

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Grandy-eloquence—"Discoursing" a grand-parent to death.

in medias res, inaugurating my narration without an appogiatura; touching the origin of the infusoria, Leuwenhoek, Gleichen, Zenzis-Khan, Alexander, Attila, Gurowski, to say nothing of the iridescent *Illuminati* of Boston, (this last was spoken sarcastically, for Etna was a true Southern girl,) all entertain different opinions. Also, in the course of my varied studies, I observe with regret that, as regards the Rhinoplastic or Taliacotian operation, as to whether the cellular tissue should be dissected down to the periosteum, leaving the *os humerus* or lumbar region to infringe upon the pericardium, to the disarrangement and displacement of the *arbor vitæ*, chirurg-

geons differ, nor are they even united, as to the best method of demephitization; ischuretics also are still a matter of dispute. And when surgeons who have passed beyond the stormy esophagus of science and gained the smooth Bahr-Sheitan beyond (here "Grip" barked) differ by so much as a dodecatemorion, who shall decide? You may, *par exemple*, imagine that, because I am a woman, I have no right to express an opinion thus freely and *con amore*; but, is woman merely an *adscriptus glebæ* chameleon-like—but here I will explain that the old theory about the chameleon taking its hue from—

"O grandy! what's the matter?"

For she now noticed that the old man's head reclined peacefully on his breast.

Alas! as Etna expressed it in her diary, Aaron Hunt had "passed to everlasting repose." As a gambling friend of the family told it at the tavern that evening, somewhat more tersely, he had "passed in his chips."

To put it in plain English, he was dead. The appogiatura staggered him some, but the dodecatemorion knocked him cold as a wedge.

Quite satisfied with the result of her first experiment, Etna packed her dictionaries and cyclopedias and her dog "Grip," and started by the next train from Chattanooga.

"The kind and gentlemanly conductor" came around to look after the tickets. Spying Etna, standing on her head with her feet sticking out of the rubbish, he inquired, with a polite bow, if he could do any thing for her. She said yes; that sundry impedimenta excoriated her cuticle and that it was impossible for her to recalcitrate. He understood the trouble at once, and replied, "Certainly, with pleasure," swinging his lantern three times round his head—a signal which all the world over is understood to mean "down brakes." Men came rushing from all sides, and after two hours' dry digging *à la grec*, by two stout Irishmen with shovels, Etna was excavated. She had sustained some slight injuries—a dislocated shoulder, broken ankles, and a few shattered tibia—but not enough to prevent her from entering into cheerful conversation with the surgeon, discussing cartilaginous capsules, provisional calli, and reparation of fractures in a fashion which astonished, if it did not enlighten that worthy man.

Having exhausted her subjects and the surgeon, first she inquired for her dictionary, and then for her dog.

The dictionary, somewhat scraped and dusty, but otherwise quite uninjured, was placed in her hands. Clasping it to her heart, she expressed a desire that it should be buried with her in event of her injuries terminating fatally; its presence,

she said, was necessary to her "everlasting repose."

On being told that her dog was dead, she manifested much emotion and wept bitterly. It was plain to the most casual observer that the poor girl had lost her Grip.

Indeed it was a terrible scene, waterfalls, lunch-baskets, bird-cages, and hoop-skirts were piled up on all sides in the most promiscuous confusion.

A middle-dressed, elegantly-aged lady, who was fumbling around in the *débris* for her false teeth, found Etna. She had previously overheard her conversation with the surgeon.

"Bless my soul!" cried she, "here is a girl of twelve talking like a long-bearded rabbi; here is another curiosity for the bear-garden." And she whisked Etna away to her chateau, known thereabout as Le Beaucage, which lay conveniently near.

The lady was St. Twel'mo's mother, and her name was Murray.

With the proud independence of a noble nature, Etna refused to accept the home which was offered her, unless permitted to "pay for it." This Mrs. Murray would not allow—one reason of her refusing to "take any thing" being that the orphan had nothing to give. She agreed to "charge it," however, which, in some degree, satisfied Etna's scruples, and reconciled her to becoming a permanent fixture of Le Beaucage.

CHAPTER IV.



ETNA'S first introduction to St. Twel'mo happened in this wise :

She was seated in her bed-room one morning in earnest conversation with Mrs. Murray. The discourse was about board, lodgings, and music-lessons ; and Etna having pledged her word to pay nothing for any thing until she had something to pay with, Mrs. Murray was delighted, and embraced her *sur l'œil gauche* in a very fervent fashion.

Suddenly the door opened, and a "gentleman" strode into the room, carrying a bag of game. At sight of Etna, he stopped, dropped his dead ducks and snipe on the floor, and shouted :

"What the devil does this mean ?"

Had Etna then possessed that coolness and *savoir faire* which she acquired later in life, she might have replied to the rude conundrum by propounding one



Returning from the Chase.

much more impertinent. Pointing to the mess on the floor, she might have asked :

“Is that your Little Game?”

But it is recorded of her on this occasion that she spoke not a single syllable. Indeed, she was never much given to single syllables, rarely, at any period of her career, troubling her lips with a word of less than five.

Mrs. Murray having explained that the young lady was one of the sufferers by the late disaster, picked up the game-bag, and taking her son affectionately by the arm, led him from the room, without giving him a chance to apologize for his rudeness.

Had he been led out by the nose, he would have had no more than his desert, and scarcely that ; but mark you how Etna was affected.

A thrill shot along her nerves ; she felt a blind fumbling at her heart-strings ; a presentiment overwhelmed her ; the Pantheistic Necessity that she should marry the rude intruder became evident and apparent—in him she recognized the coming man.

The coming man—that is, the one who had just gone out—was tall and athletic, not exactly young and not precisely elderly ; it would be safe to set him down as middle-aged. According to all accounts, he must have been a rather rum-looking customer ; for his fair chiseled lineaments were blotted by dissipation and blackened

and distorted by the baleful fires of a fierce, passionate nature, and a restless, powerful, and unhallowed intellect. Furthermore, he was symmetrical and grand

As some temple of Juno,
Whose polished shafts
Gleamed centuries ago,
In the morning sunshine
Of a day of woe,

(this thing resolves itself into rhyme,) whose untimely night has endured for nineteen hundred years; so in the glorious flush of his youth this man had stood facing a noble and possibly sanctified future, (and things;) but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that blackened and desecrated fane, to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust.

The dress of this melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns was costly but negligent, and the red stain on his jacket told that his errand had not been fruitless, (from which it might be inferred that he had been strawberrying as well as ducking.) As part of this costly but negligent dress, the melancholy mass wore a straw hat belted with broad black ribbons, and his spurred boots (hunters down there always put spurs on when they chase the wild duck and the fierce snipe to their Lookout Mountain fastnesses) were damp and muddy.

It seems rather melancholy, at first glance, that this melancholy mass of mud and ministering priests, and arches and columns, and spurs and straw hats, and broad black ribbons, should demean itself in the way he did, striding into a young lady's bed-chamber, dumping dead ducks on the carpet, braying out Ha! ha! like Mephistopheles in the play or a jackass in a corn-field, and asking, "What the devil does this mean?" of its own mother. Indeed, nothing but a blackened column or a negro minstrel could do such things without a blush.

Something in the column's tones—I almost said the column's base—recalled to Etna's memory the rude, wicked, blasphemous man who said, "Dog-gone it!" to her grandfather, and left dictionaries and cyclopedias lying around loose on the grass before the shop.

She could hear him in the next room, talking to his mother. He called her "*ma mère*" (perhaps the least objectionable way in which he could dam her) and Etna an acolyte, prophesying that some day the latter would turn up *non est*, ditto silver forks, ditto diamonds, ditto gold spoons.

Etna all this while felt the indignant blood burning her cheeks; but having plenty of cheek and to spare, she simply let it burn on, and sat and heard the conversation through. At the doubts expressed of her honesty, she started;

for she remembered the dictionaries and cyclopedias of the smithy, for which she had never endeavored to find an owner, and she wondered whether St. Twel'mo remembered them too. Feeling rather apprehensive that he might recognize them if they fell in his way, she determined to return them in the morning.

But in the morning an unforeseen accident occurred. Going out on the lawn, to play with the elephants, and rhinoceroses, and pelicans, a huge dog came tearing along, and after biting off an elephant's ear, and strangling a rhinoceros or two, turned on Etna.

Faint with terror, she was incapable of lifting a hand in her defense, and even forgot to quote—the first time in life that she ever missed an opportunity. It galled her afterward to think how patly she could have put in the lines of Dr. Watts, beginning

“Let dogs delight to bark and bite;”

but the circumstances were not favorable for classic indulgences.

Of course St. Twel'mo came on opportunely and called off his dog. He did more, he picked up a club and belabored the dog, which howled, and St. Twel'mo howled, and the rhinoceros belled, while Etna, fully restored to a sense of her mission in life, mounted a stump and chanted the prayer of Habakkuk in the original Hebrew,

so that altogether they had a very effective quartet and quite a lively and interesting time of it.

And after it was all over, and St. Twel'mo had done licking the dog, the dog, probably thinking that one good turn deserved another, turned and licked his master's feet, which gave St. Twel'mo an opportunity to cry Ha! and remark that that was the way of all natures, human as well as brute.

MEM. The behavior of the dog in the *finale* of this matter leads me to the inevitable conclusion that it was a female dog.

I mean no disrespect to the sex by the preceding annotation; I simply mean that such would be the logical deduction did we accept the heroines of most women's novels as types of womanhood at large. For here is St. Twel'mo, whose face was blotted by dissipation, and blackened and distorted by baleful fires, and who looked like a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, and who was always damning his mother and his sweethearts, and crying ha! to them, and saying *par parenthèse*, and *par excellence*, and *par exemple*, and *par nobile fratrum*, and *parbleu*—

(His French and his Latin were seldom or never above par)—


Yet carrying innumerable female scalps at his belt. How such a fellow could win the affections

of refined and cultivated women, I can not understand. For I have tried original verses, and pet names, and bouquets, and gentlemanly behavior, and the sweet influences of modest and unpretending merit, all in vain.

The moral that women with "intellect into them," can be best won by pelting them with vituperation and junk-bottles instead of with bon-bons, and telling them to go to the devil instead of to Delmonico's, where any thing they choose to fancy in the way of lunch awaits them, I do not believe, and do here resolutely refuse to accept, though all the authoresses in Christendom and out of it are leagued together to persuade me to the contrary; after which personal explanation I resume the thread of my story.

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CHAPTER V.

HE same evening Etna determined to call at St. Twel'mo's apartments—notwithstanding the injunction from all about the house that she must never cross the threshold of his room—and return the dictionaries and cyclopedias.

As already remarked, it was the evening of the day on which the encounter with the dog occurred. By some strange fumbling or thimble-

rigging of the planets, Sirius was just wagging its tail in the eastern horizon, when Etna knocked at the terrible doors.

Was it an omen? Was the dog-star indeed to prove the star of her destiny?

Rat! tat! tat!

Etna executed the long roll which a woman beats, echoing her heart-taps, when in doubt as to the propriety of a step, but has already determined to "go in," cost what it may.

"Come in!"

The voice was gruff as that of the wolf in reply to Red Riding Hood's tattoo.

She opened the door and waited for a second invitation. It came.

"Come in, damn you!" growled the inmate, blowing the smoke of a very bad cigar, which smelt like brimstone, in scattered spirals to the vaulted and fluted ceiling.

On this she entered. St. Twel'mo did not rise, and the tableau was a peculiar one. There sat our hero, gaunt and peculiar. The peculiarity of the gaunt look which enveloped him, as with a mantle, is readily enough explained when we consider "that for nearly fifteen dreary years, nothing but jeers, and oaths, and sarcasms, had crossed his finely sculptured lips." It is little wonder that on such diet he had not fleshed up much; but it is indeed singular that some of the oaths and things had not strangled him.

The reflection occurs that he must at times have felt thirsty; but perhaps, like the lover mentioned in the lyric, he drank only with his eyes. A hypothesis which is strengthened by the fact that it was out from his glowing gray eyes that the mocking demon of the wine-cup looked.

But to resume. On his swarthy and colorless face, midnight orgies and habitual excesses had left their unmistakable plague spot, and Mephistopheles had stamped his signet. Is it any wonder that Etna's love fed as she gazed, and that, lost in contemplation of the pleasant picture, and possibly bright future before her, she wholly forgot the errand which brought her thither?

"What the devil does this mean, and what do you want?" growled St. Twel'mo. "Squattez vous là," and he pointed to a chair.

"No, I thank you," replied Etna with a graceful courtesy, "I only come to return some books I borrowed of you."

And turning to a black servant who stood behind her with a hand-cart, she bade him wheel it in.

He obeyed, and she rapidly began to unload it of dictionaries and cyclopedias. With a sudden expression of interest in his countenance, the master of the apartment rose from his gracefully recumbent position and approached her.

"In the name of the Great Horned Dromedary of Eblis, whose hump, bright with the glit-

ter of eternal snows, gleams across the northern horizon at midnight, and is mistaken by sciolists and the half-educated idiots, who at that time burn expensive kerosene in a vain attempt to review books which they can not understand, for the *aurora borealis*—the origin of which phenomenon I have not time just now to explain—tell me what is this mystery?"

He took the huge volume "mechanically"—that is, by the aid of a derrick, which was rigged up at that end of the apartment, and his stern, swarthy face lighted up joyfully.

"Is it possible? my dear Unabridged! the very copy that has traveled round the world in my vest pocket, and without which I was lost. Can it be? Tell me, girl, where did you get it?"

She explained the circumstances as well as she could. But lost in rapture as he rapidly turned over its well-thumbed pages, he paid no heed to her words.

Suddenly his brow darkened, his eye flashed, and his nostrils dilated, as, turning to her in a voice of thunder, he roared:

"Damnation! you have stolen all the big words out of it! *Bithus contra Bacchium!* Get out of this!"

Sorrowfully thinking what a pity it was that such a noble intellect, and such an ornament of society should be lost to the world, Etna turned and left the apartment.

As she turned a corner in the corridor, St. Twel'mo, with a Dutch oath, which unfortunately she could not understand, hurled the dictionary at her ; missing her fragile form, it struck a plaster bust of Lord Chesterfield which stood in range, inflicting several compound fractures which no plaster could mend. The back of the book was also bust. Cyclopedias and yellow-covered novels came hurtling after. Safe in the sanctuary of a convenient closet, Etna dropped upon her knees and softly murmured, "Who smote the marble gods of Greece?"

St. Twel'mo howling his favorite slogans, *Bithus contra Bacchium*, and *Chacun à son goût*, rushed into his solitary apartments, slammed the doors behind him, and spent the rest of the night in horrible dissipation over a small Jenkins's Vest Pocket Dictionary, but it consoled him not for the loss of his Unabridged.

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CHAPTER VI.



ETNA'S curiosity was awakened by the glimpse she had obtained of bachelor quarters, and she determined to explore them at her leisure, immediately an opportunity offered.

She had not long to wait. The next day St.

Twel'mo mounted his horse and galloped over to Chattanooga to purchase a spelling-book, for which he had need in writing a business letter to a greasy mechanic who had agreed to construct a hydraulic ram on the premises for the benefit of the Merino sheep, and Cashmere goats—the poor creatures suffered sadly from want of an adequate supply of water.

No sooner had the echoing tramp of his horse's hoofs died away in the distance, than Etna installed herself in the vacant rooms, and made herself perfectly at home.

Indeed St. Twel'mo's apartments were curiously furnished. In lieu of sofas, and ottomans, and Turkish chairs, and meerschauts, and spittoons, and photograph albums, and coal-scuttles, and handsomely bound copies of *Liffith Lank*, and *The Jumping Frog*, and boxing-gloves, and foils, and cheese-toasters, and tailors' bills, and old boots, and embroidered slippers, and dressing-gowns, and cigar-stumps, and soda water, and empty bottles, and portraits of popular actresses, and other things that men's rooms are generally full of, she found only old vases and antique jars—family jars—of no possible use, not even to "sit down" on; and cameos, and cameras, and intaglios, and entanglements, and prospectuses of new gas companies for supplying the pyramids with cheap light, and Turcoman cimetars—crooked as rams' horns—

Bedouin lances, Bowie knives, flint-lock muskets, and other queer weapons which afterward contributed so largely to the armament of the Confederate forces. Beside, there was an astonishing pile of cyclopedias, dictionaries, languages without masters and masters without languages, a volume entitled *A Thousand Things Worth Knowing*, and a whole library which might have been labelled, *Ten Thousand Things not Worth Knowing!* More things, in fact, were in these bachelor quarters—he never did things by halves—than Horatio or even the fanciful Philes ever dreamed of in their Phileosophies.

But what most attracted Etna's attention was one of those mysterious contrivances known as a "Herring's Safe," whether because a herring in them is safe from roasting or sure to be done to a turn, no philologist has yet proclaimed. It was modeled after a miracle of Saracenic architecture, and had a lock which defied gunpowder, and extemporized keys made of crooked nails; the door was painted to resemble live oak, but the inscription thereon was written in a dead language.

Etna would have liked to know what the thing contained, but the combination-lock refused to respond to the pass-keys she carried about her, and all her blind fumbling at the mystic key-hole proved of no avail.

She sighed and wished that her grandfather was around with his sledge-hammer.

As she turned away and retraced her steps among the costly *bizarrerie*, it suddenly occurred to her that no light childish feet had ever pattered down the long rows of shining tiles, and she suddenly thought, "What a pity, oh ! if——"


(Why do such things always occur to women when men never think of them ?)

And then, with a sorrowful sigh, she sought her own apartment. Her dreams that night were of wedding favors—sometimes written "fevers" by the illiterate—and the altar assumed the shape of a burglar and fire-proof safe.

Pressing her lips closely to the open end of the bolster, under the natural but mistaken impression that it was the happy bridegroom's ear, she whispered softly, "Ducky, deary, *what* on earth *do* you keep in that big iron bandbox ?"



CHAPTER VII.

O the days wore on at Le Beaucage—and that every thing did not wear out was very strange indeed. And Etna progressed in knowledge. In company with a fine and erudite old clergyman, named Gammon, she committed to memory nearly all the books which no gentleman's library should be without, all the

quotable passages in Diodorus, Tupper, Owen Meredith, Mark Twain, Plutarch, John Ruskin, Charles Algernon Swinburne, Thucydides, and Walt Whitman. For she had made up her mind to go forth and face the world—outface it, if necessary.

The only subject on which there was not full sympathy and perfect communion between Etna and the Rev. Mr. Gammon was that *mauvais sujet*, St. Twel'mo. Etna feared that her tutor did not love her hero, and one day asked him how? and if not, wherefore? The reverend gentleman clasped his hands and declared that he loved St. Twel'mo as well as his own life, if not better. At first Etna would not believe this declaration, but when she learned that St. Twel'mo had murdered a couple of the clergyman's children, she gave it implicit credence. For she herself had not been entreated over and above well at his hands, and the seething of love in her own heart in consequence convinced her that some pork would boil so—pardon the homeliness of the proverb.

If I have until now forgotten to mention one peculiarity about St. Twel'mo, let me at once remedy the omission. He was wonderfully fond of travel, the result, perhaps, of his pedigree. For his father, also named Murray, was none other than the illustrious author of those guide books, so familiar and famous all Europe through. The

mistaken impression which obtained on some sides, that he was descended from Lindley Murray, St. Twel'mo denounced with disdain, proudly boasting that there was never a grammarian in the family—a fact too patent to be gainsaid by any.

Impatient of home and never at rest, his footsteps had sounded among the steppes of Tartary; Arabs on the great desert were acquainted with his war-cry of *Bithus contra Bacchium*; Fejee chieftains, while breakfasting on underdone missionary, had been made familiar with his favorite apophthegm, *Chacun à son goût*. As an explorer of equatorial Africa, he divided the honors with Du Chaillu, and was certainly entitled to the odd trick, for it could not be denied that he brought home with him more of the habits and manners of the gorillas than Du Chaillu did. In short, there was only one spot on the face of the earth which he had not visited—that was the State of New-Jersey. And one morning, at the breakfast table, he announced to his mother his intention of making a journey thither. With a wild shriek, she dropped the tea-pot from her hand, and was carried away from the table upon the tray.

Without minding the old lady at all, he strode out to the stable, ordered his horse saddled and some pork and hominy packed up, and galloped away.

After galloping as far as the gate, he paused, turned, and beckoned to Etna. She approached him. Drawing a huge key from his pocket, he told her that it belonged to the big safe—he called it *Taj Mahal*, which is Dutch for Red Herring—informed her that the safe contained papers of no value to any one but the owner, and of very little to him, and that he intended to intrust the key to her care. But he forbade her opening it unless he was four years absent, in which event she might conclude that he had been elected governor and would never more return.

Etna pertinently remarked that if she was not allowed to use the safe to keep her chignon, and hair-pins, and pearl-powder in, she didn't see what use there was in leaving her the key; but finally consented to accept the trust, sagely saying to herself that very possibly it might turn to some account.

He plunged spurs in his horse and was gone.

Etna at once returned to the house and examined the safe. A small spider had crawled into the keyhole, and thinking he might injure the lock, she put in the key and turned it gently, to drive him out. She was afraid that the door might accidentally open; but no—the bolt was rusty and refused to stir; for fifteen years it had known no other assuagement of friction than oaths, and jeers, and sarcasms—in which respect it resembled St. Twel'mo's lips.

After turning for an hour or two, she finally turned away, and buried herself in a reprint of the Bhagvat-Geeta, just republished by Philes. The Targum had hitherto been her pabulum during solitary moments, but she had chewed upon it so long that she desired a change.

Suddenly she was recalled from the delicious dialogues of Kreeshna and Arjoon by a mellow voice under the window, singing :

“ I will chase the elephant over the plain,
The rhinoceros I'll bind with a chain,
And the hippopotamus, with his silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.”

Approaching the window, she recognized Gordon Lee, a distant relative of the general of that name who was lately presented with a pair of game-cocks. He addressed her a few words in Greek, to which she coyly replied in Coptic. After this cheerful interchange of greetings, she went down and sat with him in the bear-garden in front of the house. They talked of megatheriums, acephala, mastodons, cubic roots, rhomboids, and cognate ideas that the youthful imagination generally runs riot with of moonlight evenings.

Gordon was a handsome young fellow, well born, well educated, and of good connections—though he missed some of them when the gun-boats were reported as steaming down the river. Courteous to his equals and kind to his inferiors, he was a general favorite in Chattanooga. Etna

and he had studied the Sanskrit together, sitting at the feet of Gamaliel Gammon, (who, like many others of the cloth, was familiar with most languages except English,) and latterly they had been deep in a translation of the Manavadharmasastra, each trying to distance the other, but so far it had been a tie between them. Now the tie was all on Gordon's side, and so difficult a one was it to undo that it might be called a Gordian knot. He was in love with Etna, and had wooed her in Chinese, Cufic, Hebrew, and Massachusetts French, but without effect. Unfortunately for the success of his suit, he was not scorched by baleful fires, nor blotted by dissipation, and didn't look like a ruined temple, nor a dilapidated tar-kiln, nor a melancholy mass of ashy arches, and charcoal pits, and whisky cock-tails. Besides, he was neat in his dress and respectful to his mother, and didn't quote and swear. Had he ever seduced a woman, or shot a man, or even robbed a contribution-box, there might have been some chance for him ; but as it was, his case was hopeless.

This evening the moon was mellow and so was Gordon ; for the one had filled her horns and the other had emptied his. Under these conditions and combinations he had more courage than usual, and skillfully turned the conversation upon trilobites — though musquito bites would have been more *apropos* to the season—as a neat way of approaching the subject which was near

est his heart. He had found one of rare beauty during the day, and begged her acceptance of it; but she declined on the plea that there was no vacancy in her cabinet. He then besought her acceptance of a ring, taking a California diamond of fabulous value—wholly fabulous—from his pocket.

“It is beautiful in this light,” he said, holding it up to the stars, “how it glistens; do you see it?”

“Alas! no, not in those lamps,” she replied, and though she finally consented to accept the ring, she gave him definitely to understand that he was out of it.

On returning to the house Etna looked as though she had been doing something foolish, and Mrs. Murray divined the truth. “How could you?” she cried. “A young man of excellent principles, sound religious convictions, five hundred niggers, not counting piccaninnies, and raising rather more than a bale to the acre! *How* could you be *so* foolish, and *so* cruel?”

“Alas! mamma,” sobbed Etna, hiding her face on Mrs. Murray’s bosom, “he mispronounced a Greek quantity.”

And Mrs. Murray, who knew how sensitive the child was on such points, but did not dream that a deeper reason underlay the refusal, forgave at once, and comforted her with the hope that one of the Harvard professors might yet happen that way, and then she could have a husband to her liking.

CHAPTER VIII.



AFTER learning that Gordon Lee was spoony on her, it became manifestly necessary that they should no longer study together. Geometry must specially be given up as tending to excite the blood, and there was no telling even what trouble might be brewing if they met upon the plains of that primitive language.

Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Etna. She would be an authoress. She would elevate her sex, she would write essays, poetry, tales, novels. There were no bounds to her ambition. Clasp ing her hands—in default of any one else's a woman is apt to clasp her own—she cried, “To what may I not in time aspire? Even Godey's Lady's Book is not beyond my reach!”

Down there the ladies add a syllable to the favorite oath of the sterner sex, and swear by Godey. It is so easy to understand, and has so many pretty pictures.

“Yes,” mused Etna, “the true end and aim of woman's life should be to write a novel.” And immediately she seated herself at her escritoire, and wrote to all the editors in New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, inclosing to each a few hun-

dred pages of *ms.*, and requesting an insertion in their next numbers.

Pending replies, St. Twel'mo came home.

The first question he asked—before even swearing at his mother—was of Etna.

“Have you opened the Taj Mahal?”

“No,” she replied.

Of course he intimated with his usual courtesy that she lied, and dragged her off to the library.

She stood trembling while he fumbled at the keyhole. “I know you have opened the door,” he exclaimed; “but we shall see.” Another spider had been at work; with one sweep of his powerful arm he scattered the web to the winds. “If you have not opened it, there will be an explosion,” he said.

It occurred to her that there would also be an explosion if she had; but she stood her ground with the calmness befitting one who aspired to periodicals, and was not afraid of magazines.

He swung the door open and a columbiad was discharged, belching forth its fire and smoke into the room, hoisting St. Twel'mo and Etna to the ceiling, to the dislocation of the latter's waterfall, and so startling her that, for the second time in life, she quailed instead of quoting.

St. Twel'mo was so surprised to find that the door had not been opened in his absence to the ignition of his infernal machine, and that Etna



Safe bind, safe find.

was alive, and he was alive, and there was nothing dead in the room but a few languages, that he pulled from his finger a ring, engrossed with a Chaldaic character, and insisted upon her acceptance of it.

Etna's eyes glistened as she gazed upon the jewel and recognized the talismanic sign it bore.



But other visions unfolded themselves to her.
Beyond blazed the torch,



that *ignis fatuus* which has led so many up the steep and winding stairs of the great white fane in Franklin Square, to find no rest for their feet, nor acceptance of their handiwork when their story reached that third story, known as the Aisle of Guernsey. And over a distant frog-pond stood the nebulous



familiar to all who have sought the Philosopher's Tone, and hateful to those who have found it not. And she determined not to be in a hurry about accepting any thing.

With an angry hand he dashed the



into the grate. "The badge of my race," he said; "it will be quite at home among the congenial flames—there at least it will be red. Many a stout Twel'mo has had the same grate circulation," and he laughed savagely.

With the glare of the grate in his face and its smoke in his hair, he looked so supernaturally ugly and so unusually wicked, that Etna's heart warmed toward him, and she hung out that light in her eyes which all the world over is accepted and recognized as the signal for a flirtation. This was seven o'clock in the evening.

About nine o'clock, two hours later, the affair was progressing as follows—St. Twel'mo loquitur:

"Pardon me if I remind you," he said, "of the preliminary and courteous *en garde!* which should be pronounced before a thrust. De Guerin felt starved in Languedoc, and no wonder! But had he penetrated every nook and cranny of the habitable globe and traversed the Zaharas which science accords the universe, he would have died at last as hungry as Ugolino. I speak advisedly, for the true Io gadfly *ennui* has stung me from hemisphere to hemisphere, across tempestuous oceans, scorching deserts, and icy mountain ranges. I have faced alike the bourrans of the steppes and the Samieli of Shamo, and the result of my, vandal life is best epitomized in those grand but grim words of Bossuet: '*On trouve*

au fond de tout le vide et le néant.' Nineteen years ago, to satisfy my hunger, I set out to hunt the daintiest food this world would furnish, and, like other fools, have learned finally, that life is but a huge mellow golden Osher, (short for pumpkin,) that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant!*'

Etna promptly made answer to this sprightly little sally: "Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Osher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect, (the Tenthredo,) which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of Ain Jidy, till stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin."

"Will you favor me," he replied, "by lifting on the point of your dissecting-knife this stinging sin of mine to which you refer? The noxious brood swarm so teasingly about my ears that they deprive me of your cool, clear, philosophic discrimination. Which particular Tenthredo of the buzzing swarm around my spoiled apple of life would you advise me to select for my *anathema maranatha*?"

(At this point the servant girl, who was dust-

ing the drawers with a peacock's tail, looked around ; for her name was Anna Maria, and she thought she was called.)

“Of your history, sir,” returned Etna, “I am entirely ignorant ; and even if I were not, I should not presume to levy a tax upon it in discussions with you ; for however vulnerable you may possibly be, I regard an *argumentum ad hominem* (here the servant girl, thinking that hominy was meant and mentioned, brightened up and put on an intelligent look) as the weakest weapon in the army of dialectics—a weapon too——”

But that will do for the present. Suffice it to say that this thing went on for two hours more, and that a full report of the speeches would occupy twenty pages of foolscap, and could only be made tolerable by an accompanying jingle of as many bells. When the little *coquetterie* ended at time for putting out the lights, both sat asleep in their respective chairs whispering big words in each other's ears from sheer force of habit.

CHAPTER IX.



ST. TWEL'MO was a decidedly original wooer. Like an Indian chief, the moment he set out on the war path he began to recount how many scalps he had previously taken. Thus, cornering Etna in a church one evening, while she was practicing, in preparation for the next Sunday, upon the hand organ, which did duty in lieu of a larger wind instrument, he breathed a soft confession into her ear.

Printed, I am aware that it will read very much like a page from the Newgate Calendar.

It seemed that a son of the Rev. Mr. Gammon had cut him out with the daughter of another clergyman, by wearing higher shirt collars and indulging more lavishly in pomatums and macassar. A challenge passed between them, and St. Twel'mo killed his antagonist at the first fire.

Thenceforth his career was a strange one, and its recital must have been edifying to Etna's ears. He seduced every "brilliant and accomplished woman" that the village of Chattanooga and the surrounding swamps contained, "winning her love and then leaving her a target for the laughter of her circle"—to be blasted, as it

were, by blow-guns. This he told his sweetheart. "One of the fairest faces that ever brightened the haunts of fashion—a queenly, elegant girl—the pet of her family and of society," he seduced and reduced to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and things somewhat a-kiln to himself. At the time that he told this story, she was "wearing serge garments" in an Italian convent. Serge was her life! St. Twel'mo was wearing spurred-boots the while, and telling these tales to his sweetheart.

But the exploit on which he most prided himself, the one he "norated" with the greatest zest, assuming the half-deprecatory air of those excessively virtuous persons who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," was as follows. The scene occurred at the parsonage, and I allow St. Twel'mo to tell the story in his own words :

"During one terribly fatal winter, scarlet fever had deprived the Rev. Mr. Gammon of four children, (St. Twel'mo and scarlet fever seem to have run in the family,) leaving him an only daughter, Annie, the image of her brother, (the brother whom he had previously taken the precaution to kill.) Her health was feeble; consumption was stretching its skeleton hands toward her, and her father watched her as a gardener tends his pet, choice, delicate exotic. She was about sixteen, very pretty, very attractive. After her brother's

death, I never spoke to Mr. Gammon, never crossed his path ; but I met his daughter without his knowledge, and finally I made her confess her love for me. I offered her my hand ; she accepted it. A day was appointed for an elopement and marriage ; the hour came ; she left the parsonage, but I did not meet her here on the steps of this church as I had promised, and she received a note full of scorn and derision, explaining the revengeful motives that had actuated me. Two hours later, her father found her insensible on the steps, (she could scarcely have been sensible when she took the step,) and the marble was dripping with a hemorrhage of blood (alas ! that it was of *blood*) from her lungs. The dark stain is still there ; you must have noticed it. I never saw her again. She kept her room (better it must have been than St. Twel'mo's company) from that day, and died three months after. When on her death-bed she sent for me, but I refused to obey the summons."

The story of our hero's loves and triumphs by no means ended here ; but sufficient for this day is the evil thereof. *Ex pede Herculem*—it is not expedient to prolong the agonies ; the devil, quite as well as Hercules, may be recognized by a single hoof.

The only wonder is, that Etna had not married, out of hand, this chivalric Chattanooga, who selected consumptive little girls, whom even the scarlet fever and the measles spared, for victims—

having first killed off their big brothers—who told over his adulteries as a monk might his beads, and as little blushed in telling them.

Seducing the sister, by way of getting even with her brother, certainly commends itself as an original enterprise, which should have stirred the depths of a refined and cultivated woman, emulous of elevating her kind by writing for the fashion magazines, to love and admiration. However, Etna declined the honor of a betrothal. It may have been that she was not ambitious of being set up as a target, etc., or wearing serge garments, etc., and early habits may have led her to object to even the remote possibility of being smothered with a pillow. At all events, she said No, though she felt in her own heart that she loved him more than ever.

O the feminine bosom ! is it not fearfully and wonderfully made up !

Even the picture of the apple-trees, where he and his "idol had chatted, and romped, and whistled in the far past," (think of that idle whistling !) failed to move her. She did not wish to incur the risk of having a "hemorrhage of blood," and besides, ambitious of authorship, she was determined to do it or die. It was a clear case of *noblesse oblige*.

CHAPTER X.



HE night mail brought her an offer of a situation as nurse in a rich but respectable family in New-York, and replies to her letters to the editors.

The Boston *Illuminati* wrote that they did not think that her style would do for the Atlantic—it was scarcely salt enough ; Philadelphia, speaking through Godey, replied that neither her essay on Ramayana, nor her very elaborate treatise on Comparative Anatomy was calculated to interest lady readers. They were declined with thanks—a polite editorial phrase which may always be interpreted as meaning thanks that there is no more. The Harpers wanted practical articles that themselves and others could understand, without foot-notes, or condensations of their last published books, though they would publish extracts from her more serious essays in the Editor's Drawer, at the usual rates of compensation in that department.

Seeing a gleam of hope here, Etna telegraphed to know what that rate was. The reply came, "Nothing, and pay your own postage."

But there was one ray of comfort. A new magazine had been started, and its proprietors were pushing it vigorously—so vigorously that they nearly pushed it to the wall in the first year

of its existence. The public are not always in a milky and watery way, and sometimes crave something with an edge—meat-axy, rather than any other “axy.” Hearing that the new magazine was then publishing some story by A trollop, Etna at first shrank sensitively back from such association, but finally made overtures of a glorious piece on favorable terms, inclosing to it an essay, “Who smotè the marble brow of Billy Patterson?” In accordance with his usual custom the editor carried it home and read it to his wife, his father-in-law, his maid-servant, his man-servant, and the stranger that was within his gates. Not one of them being able to understand it, they unanimously voted it a delightful and excellent article, especially “magaziny,” whatever that may mean; and Etna was informed that it would appear in the next number, if another was issued. The editor added that it would be paid for at the regular rate, which was \$1 10 a page.

At this latter clause Etna smiled a smile of love and triumph; “For,” she said, “there are forty pages, and I can buy a new dictionary for myself, of which I stand in need, and a New Testament for St. Twel’mo, of which he stands in need, and also——”

But her countenance fell as she went on and read that they paid nothing for quotations, which would cut her article down to something less than three pages.

She sighed, and thought how hard it is to earn one's living by one's pen.

CHAPTER XI.



TINA went on to New-York, and assumed her duties as nurse. It is recorded of her that she made a very dry nurse indeed.

Two children were intrusted to her care ; one a babe at the breast ; the other a precocious little fellow, with a weak back, named Felix.

The children made astonishing progress under her tuition. The baby spoke an unintelligible tongue before it was weaned, and Felix was well up in Hebrew before the first six months were ended. Felix, however, though very proud of the language, remarked that he didn't like the prayer of Habakkuk, or, as he pronounced it, "A back ache."

Her manner of instilling knowledge into the young mind was original and peculiar to herself. She encouraged them to ask questions which no one could answer, and never lost an opportunity of telling them something that they didn't know, and ought not to.

The system is known as "object teaching," I think. Thus to Felix one day, "No, my dear, the young oyster does not derive nourishment in

the same way that your little brother does. The young oyster has a mamma, but the maternal oyster has no *mammæ*."

"That is singular," cried Felix.

"No, my dear," replied Etna, "it is plural."

"This is a great deprivation," she continued, "but the meek resignation with which he submits to the dispensation, the patience with which he blindly fumbles about the rocks for his food, should teach little boys a lesson."

The parents of the children voted her a treasure, for she talked the children to sleep, and the paregoric and soothing syrup account dwindled down to a merely nominal sum. In return, they allowed her to receive as many calls as she pleased, provided she herself answered the bell.

That her visits were not those of angels may be inferred from the number ; they were neither few nor far between. Her article in the magazine had sent all the Galactophagists to their dictionaries, and they could not find more than half the words there. In consequence, they came to Etna for elucidation, but she, unfortunately, had forgotten what the largest ones meant. The effect of Etna's article was such that the magazine in which it appeared was afterward published only once in two months instead of twice a month as at first, which was a vast improvement and delighted the public greatly. All this won for Etna great reputation, and finally she had an offer to write for the *Ledger*.

Among the many who came to call, came an editor with a "granite mouth."

No, it was not Marble, nor yet the late Dr. Stone, and the reader need not indulge in conjectures as to what editor it may be. It is quite enough to say that he wanted to marry Etna—a fact which at once establishes him as a man of determination and daring.

Etna refused him. No one could guess why, for he owned a paper of his own, and was in a fair way of obtaining a foreign mission, as his party, then in power, had long been looking for a pretext to get him out of the country. When asked the reason of her refusing so eligible an offer, Etna replied it was his granite mouth; she did not like the formation.



Etna's Englishman.

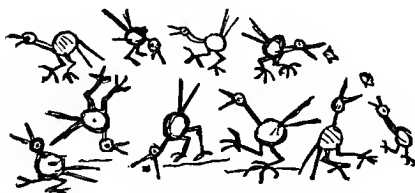
Indeed, she had no end of offers. An English lord, tall and handsome, with long side-whiskers and a double-barreled eyeglass, (it was *not* Lord Lyons,) offered her marriage at sight.

It could scarcely be called a case of second sight, on her part, for she didn't see it.

She replied by reciting three chapters from the Gita-Govinda. "Great 'Evans!" cried the lord, and took passage for England the next day. He will probably never return to this

country, unless it be as a commissioner to settle the Alabama claims.

This thing must be kept up, thought Etna, and she next published a book. This made a hit—striking the publisher favorably, as he announced in a series of fantastic advertisements. Type of the most wonderful characters had to be cast expressly for the production of this work, and the services of the Learned Blacksmith were engaged as chief proof-reader—he should be kept well up in tongs, said Etna. Fifteen cylinder presses were kept running night and day to supply the demand, and the publisher was so broken down in health by the labor of writing advertisements, answering questions, and doing battle with the half-educated idiots who couldn't understand the book, that he took in a partner and sailed himself for an uninhabited island to recuperate his shattered constitution. He had a good time on the island, and discovered some big things in ornithology. These are the birds.—[*Carleton's Birds.*]



The Birds of Van Demon's Land.

In fact, never was there seen such a time. Peo-

ple came from all parts of the earth, including Boston, to see the authoress. She was photographed and photosculptured, and the dear dickens only knew what wasn't done to her; and



The Successful Authoress—Showing that Eliza did not mistake her Calling.

every body wanted to marry her, even little Felix, whom too much learning had made mad.

But Etna wouldn't marry any body, and finally sailed for England with the children, to get away from importunities, and it is said that she even turned longing eyes to Heaven—where it is popularly supposed that there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage—as a refuge.

In England every body wanted to marry her, and the yacht club gave her a dinner. In return she offered to present Prince Alfred with a copy of her book, which he respectfully declined, saying that he could not think of accepting any thing so valuable. She was even importuned to lecture in Exeter Hall, paying the expenses of the building herself and guaranteeing that the furniture should not be demolished by the audience. This proposition she refused. But she consented to read an essay in private, upon the points of similarity between the Christian deities and heathen gods; the essay was spoken of by those who heard it as “a most exhaustive one”—indeed, it must have been, for nearly all who sat it through sank off to sleep.

Little Felix died. But Etna was somewhat consoled for the death of her charge by hearing of the “new birth” of her lover. The first dispatch—the Atlantic cable was not working very well then—spelt it berth, and stated that St. Twel'mo had been ordained as a circus rider. But a letter by the Cunard corrected the canard,

and Etna learnt, to her great joy, that Circuit rider was meant, and her beloved was a minister.

At first she could not believe the news, but returning to Chattanooga, as soon as steam and rail could carry her, she found it confirmed. He had run through most of his property, people said, and no other profession was open to him.

The war breaking out just then, Etna determined that St. Twel'mo should not be at peace, and married him. She knew that the cause of the South was pure and just, and that they had a right to forts, arsenals, territory, and things that they had not paid for, and she was perfectly willing to sacrifice her best beloved to establish the sincerity of her convictions. Partly by her influence, but chiefly for lack of any other material, he was made Bishop by brevet, and Brigadier-General by confirmation. Unfortunately, for the cause which she knew to be pure and just, his sermons bored his soldiers sadly, while his generalship did not at all harass the enemy. Had the Northern forces been obliged to face his sermons instead of taking his positions, in all human probability, the contest would have terminated differently.

As it was, however, the victorious armies swept over and around Lookout Mountain, and surrender, on the part of its defenders, became a Pantheistic Necessity—the bear-garden was stripped naked, the elephants, rhinoceroses, etc., having

been killed and eaten by the half-starved soldiery, in the first stages of the siege. The Her-ring safe was carried off and did duty for memorable months of the campaign as a meat-safe at the headquarters of the invading army. In short, if any one can find a trace of Le Beaucage in the vicinity of Lookout Mountain, point to its locality, or even bring forward a reliable gentleman or intelligent contraband who ever saw it, he will be rewarded handsomely. St. Twel'mo is shelved.

My story is done. I am not aware that it has any moral, nor did I design any in the outset, beyond indicating the danger of leaving dictionaries in the way of children, and pointing that peculiarity in woman's nature which inspires them to love those who beat and bite them. However, if any can glean other morals from it, they are at perfect liberty so to do.



On the Look-Out.

A
WICKED WOMAN.

BY
C. H. WEBB,
AUTHOR OF "LIFFITH LANK," "ST. TWEL'MO," ETC., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD.

"Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
To purify the air;
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair."



NEW YORK:
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MADISON SQUARE.

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Southern District of New York.

JOHN F. TROW & SON,
PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS,
205-213 *East 12th Street*,
NEW YORK.

ARGUMENT.

THERE is a moral purpose in my book—there must be, for I had one in hand when I set out and none when I got through. Look for it carefully, stick a pin in it when found, and may my loss prove the reader's gain. Having striven throughout to be serious and instructive, 'tis likely that I shall make people laugh ; for to be funny when I mean to be serious, and serious when I mean to be funny, is a faculty which I share in common with some of the most eminent humorists of the age.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- I.—The Wicked Woman before getting up.
- II.—Mechanical forces—here we lever.
- III.—This—showing a Thing or two.
- IV.—That—showing something more than This.
- V.—Those—showing what This and That can do.
- VI.—The complexion to which she came at last.
- VII.—The shoes of the period—bobbing for heels.
- VIII.—The Wicked woman after her getting up.
- IX.—The rising of the Dog-star.
- X.—The hat she had—owled but young.
- XI.—A case—show-case—of counter-irritation.
- XII.—Lobster playin'—drawn with *éclat*.
- XIII.—Facing the music.
- XIV.—Planchetting—showing the bored.
- XV.—'Art hand 'and—a study.
- XVI.—The death of the flowers.
- XVII.—The Campbells a-coming.
- XVIII.—A Grand coop.
- XIX.—Père et fille—a pair of 'em.
- XX.—The wedding in Grace church—from nature.
- XXI.—The tale piece—which tells the story.

A
WICKED WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep, and
put aside her soft brown hair—
That is to say, she took it from her



toilet-table, where it lay in a tangle with

cologne bottles and pin-cushions and crimping irons, and put it aside for her maid to brush.

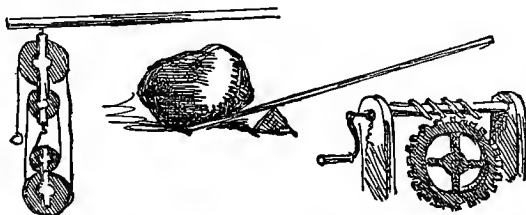
"Before dressing your hair you must first catch your hair," as Mrs. Glass suggests in her most excellent cookery book. The maid had no trouble in doing this, for it lay ready to hand.

No one would have thought at first glance—nor, indeed, at a second—that this was or could be *A Wicked Woman*. For her eyes were a beautiful blue, fringed by long sweeping lashes—and when she let these lashes fall on men in a careless way, it was time for the interference of Mr. Bergh. Strange to say, the softer she laid them on, the harder 'twas to bear. Her hair (you see some of it there on the chair) was a delicious brown—and her maid did it up so. Her complexion was of that exquisite blending seldom seen, but generally known as "strawberries smothered in cream;" (any berry, let me remark, like a home, is but a small potato without its smother) which perhaps explains why most young gentlemen were always ready to do a few spoons on her, to the utter neglect of many maturer maidens who thought (and not without reason) that their age and irreproachableness entitled them to some consideration. But as for her figure—there was a wavy grace about that which passes description.

"Never too late to Bend," she thought; so

when it became settled that 'twas to be the fashion, she adopted the Grecian. Not the common style, however. By the assistance of an ingenious modiste she contrived a mechanism so arranged that when she threw either foot forward it worked a lever which pried her back—pried her back forward, I mean, at the most singularly graceful angle known on the promenades.

You know what the mechanical forces are—cords and pulleys, screws, levers, and wheels.



She did not walk thus because she had proud, but because she was pried. So completely was she geared down, in fact, that she might be said to always travel in cog. Under such circumstances how could her value be recognized! Ignorant of the lever at her back, how was one to know what a purchase was there? And so it happened that a great many shrewd men passed her day after day in the street without having the least idea that she was a good thing to buy; but the right man for the

wrong place always comes along at last, as will be seen in the sequel.

Undoubtedly not a few of my readers would like me to explain the mechanism above hinted at, and give patterns, after the manner of the "Bazar," by which they could get up the thing for their own wear. But it will at once be seen that a drawing could not be understood unless the machine were shown adjusted to the person—and by no possibility could it be treated as an outside garment. With Mr. Wegg I can only remark, at this juncture, that a fuller explanation would not be proper in the presence of ladies, and express a wish that nothing further be said about it.

Well, I've got my heroine up, but what am I to do with her now? She's not dressed, and, to tell the truth, I wish we were all well out of this. Certainly 'twill never do to leave A Wicked Woman alone for a single minute; still I do not know that it is quite proper to stay. The point is a nice one, and must be debated at length; meanwhile we may as well stand where we are—it is debatable ground.

"Finette! Finette!!"—the maid answers readily to the name, though christened Bridget O'Flaherty—and now we are in for it. One should never leave after a performance begins. Oh, chaste Minerva, aid us! Interpose thy shield if any mysteries too sacred for profane

eyes be unveiled—and, above all, don't let us get caught!

Let the fashions change as they might, there was one Thing to which our young lady clung pertinaciously. She was determined to live in hoops if she died in despair—

“Hoop springs perennial in the female chest,” and a voice is heard in the air, “Finette, come help me on with This!”



Well, through with This, the mistress told the maid to bring That.



You see here what the effect sometimes is when you put This and That together. *Opus coronat finem!*



By way of making my meaning clear, it will be noticed that I use a lay figure. This for several reasons. First, because lay figures cannot lie; second, propriety must be considered.

I sincerely hope that I am guilty of no impropriety in introducing such subjects (or objects) in these pages. They are prominently

shown in all shop-windows, and dangle like shrimp-nets over shop-doors, so that it is difficult to get down town without having your head caught in one. Certainly I do not think they are pretty, and never would have chosen cuts of them for purposes of ornamentation; they are used for illustration's sake alone.

The reader who expects that I am on the point of telling right here how the wearer gets into these Things will be disappointed. Young ladies require no instruction, and as for young men, 'tis rightfully decreed that it shall cost them something to learn.

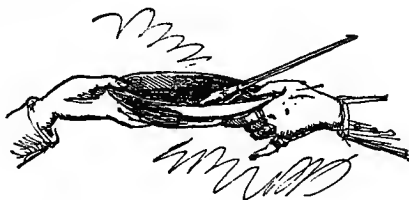
Go to, young man, go to; or, rather, go to church, two, and come home one; 'tis like that then you'll know all about it.

There is crimping, and twisting, and braiding. "Oh, Finette! you pull awfully, you do; you Great Awkward Thing!"

To most young ladies this world, it will be observed, is a world of Things. If the feminine nomenclature be right, Hamlet was not wide of the truth in stating that there are more things in heaven and in earth than are dreamed of in the common philosophy. Possibly Finette O'Flaherty was a thing—scarcely a thing of beauty, however, nor like to be a joy forever.

It is something to see the complexion laid on. "Strawberries and cream!" Appropriately

Finette gives it to her mistress in a saucer—a pink one.



“My shoes, Finette;” and these are what the girl brings:



No mistake on the part of the O'Flaherty, these are indeed the shoes of the period—soles thinner than writing-paper, heels six inches high, set in the middle of the foot, and tapering down to the size of a five-cent piece. Besides being painful to wear, they are undoubtedly productive of positive and permanent injury to the health.

Were I a physician instead of a metaphysi-

cian, and permitted to dispense pills as well as puns, if a girl so shod came to me for advice, complaining of numerous aches and pains, I should say: "Young woman, go heel thyself—



but not in that way. Get shoes that you can walk comfortably in, and use them persistently."

How young women are shod may be no affair of mine, but my right to "shoo" them when they voluntarily appear as guys is as inalienable as that to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness under difficulties. And I protest (in toe-toe) against the footing on which women now seek to put themselves—they can get up their backs sufficiently without the aid of such heels. In making ladies' shoes, I trust that for the future the cobbler will stick to his last—and not build quite so far beyond it.

But all this while our young lady has been dressing; perhaps it was well that I distracted attention from her feet. Avoid extremes! She is now ready for the street—and I submit whether or not she does not look as though she belonged to it.

You were involuntary witnesses of how charming she looked when fresh from her delicious sleep, before this "getting up." I ask, do you not consider it superlatively Wicked to spoil God's handiest work in that fashion?

CHAPTER II.



FORGOT, in the last chapter, to state, that the young lady got her breakfast while we were turning over her shoes. If you insist that she had not time, oblige me by supposing that this morning she went without it, for 'tis certain that she's already on the Avenue, leading Cupid by a string.

Cupid is her dog—which perchance may howl anon, or anonymously. It always seemed to me that he had better been called Sirius, being a Skye terrier, but there's not much in a dog's name, after all,—unless a man happen to get it.

A gentleman, in allusion to Cupid's disposition to make universal war, once asked his mistress why she did not call him Mars.

“Because he's not ma's; he's mine,” she replied.

Mythology was not taught in the boarding-school where the young lady graduated, nor, for that matter, was astronomy. The pupils, however, were perfected on the piano, and taught most modern languages—except Eng-

lish. One should not expect women to know a little of everything—nor much of anything.

I regret to record that Cupid did not behave well on the street, but rushed about with head to the ground, on some invisible trail (with the air of a veritable cognoscenter), dragging his mistress at his tail as though she were a tin can. Moreover, he had a hatred of beggars, and barked at them furiously—unmindful of the danger which sometimes ensues from accidentally barking up the wrong tree.

This morning he bit a man who put out his hand for a penny. In parts of the country where a beggar asks for a "bit," to give him a bite might be considered rather a good joke; but this mendicant failed to see the thing in quite that light, retorting with a kick which nearly landed Cupid in that heaven where the dog-star is properly permitted to rage—the land of Canine, may we not call it?



Our young lady reprimanded the man sharply, and called him both a brute and a fellow, threatening to tell her papa and the policeman. Had the policeman been at his post on the corner 'twould have gone hard with the man, for he wore very bad clothes; but that preserver of the peace, happening at the moment to be making love to a cook down an area-way, under pretence of examining the fastenings on the gate, the caitiff escaped for that time.

Nor, I regret to say, was the young lady much appeased, when the poor man showed his calf (by no means a fatted one), out of which Cupid had taken a piece considerably larger than a biscuit—which was imprudent in the dog. In this day of false calves I dare not so much as touch veal pie.

To return to our mutton, or rather to Cupid's—our young lady fairly turned up her nose at the poor man's calf, nor did she forgive him for his treatment of her favorite, even when she saw how much had been taken where there was so little to spare. On the contrary, her sympathy was excited for the dog because of the great mouthful he had swallowed; she feared it might not agree with him—for he was not accustomed to eating beggar.

And she pursued her way past all the clubs—which she faced with the daring of a Pocahontas.

'Twas nothing that when opposite the Eclectic—so called, because there's not much to choose among the members—all were in the window, for they always are there; but to have the fossils of the Union, the megatheriums of the Manhattan, and the Narcissuses of the New York rush from their whist-tables and looking-glasses, showed that something unusual was indeed in the wind and sailing down the avenue.

I don't think I have yet mentioned the hat. Here it is.



What do you think of such an owl head on young shoulders?

Down town to the dry-goods stores, for she had shopping to do. It is worthy of remark that she avoided places where female clerks were employed, preferring to patronize those in which young men stood behind the counter. And I observe that this is a feminine peculi-

arity, noticeable even in those who insist that man shall fill no vocation which woman can attempt—whether or not because young men are better judges of goods or more patient and polite, I cannot determine.

“Have you any canary-colored silk?”

“Yes, miss.”

The dry-goods clerk knows that he can never go amiss in calling a woman so. Every female customer he addresses as “miss,” though plainly old enough to be madams twice over—he insinuates that the bloom is still on the wry.

“Show me some.”

And a dozen pieces being thrown on the counter, she soon made them look like crows’ nests rather than canaries’.

“Have you any changeable rep silks?”

“Yes, miss.”

“Show me some.”

And a dozen pieces being thrown down, she speedily reduced them to a demirep condition.

“Have you any nice *cuir* colored goods?”

“Yes, miss.”

“Show me some.”

And a dozen pieces being dragged down, she made them look queerer.

“Have you anything to match this?”

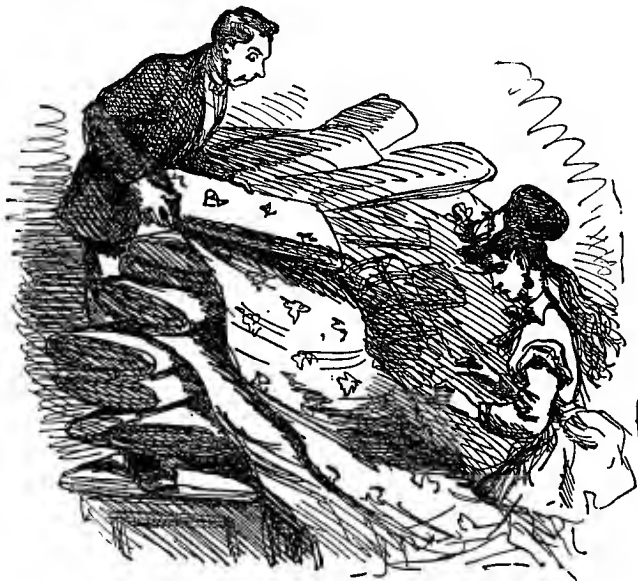
“Yes, miss.”

And another dozen pieces (she was too much engrossed to take heed of the dozens)

being thrown down, she finally bought—an eighth of a yard of one, and ordered it sent home within half an hour.

And so on through the different departments, tangling precious yards of Round Point, d'Angleterre, Valenciennes, Brussels, Honiton, Cluny, and making a sad jumble of French and Irish poplins, shawls, mantillas, and the like.

To show you one counter will do for all. *Ex pede, &c.*—'tis not expedient in this case to show you more.



Would you not call this an exhibit of counter-irritation?

Now, putting those worthy young men to such great trouble may not have been Wicked, but I scarcely think it could be called Good!

CHAPTER III.



RETURNED home, she found a bouquet from Augustus—of whom by and by.

Opening her inlaid writing-desk she selected the worst pen she could find, and a piece of perfumed paper, and wrote him a note, in which she thanked him for his bouquet, and pronounced it beautiful—spelling beautiful with a big B and two l's. She was given to that sort of thing, but Augustus didn't mind it. There is a tide in the affairs of men when they are indifferent to orthography. At this time he was too much under the spell of her eyes to much care how she distributed the other letters of the alphabet.

Augustus was a young man who had a good time coming (he hoped) and a moustache come. He had patent-leather gaiters which held the boot-blacks (those little sons who "shine for all") at bay; and his pantaloons legs were cut so small that 'twas easier to put his legs outside of them than in. His coat ended exactly where it should have continued (in which respect the tail did not resemble the one I am

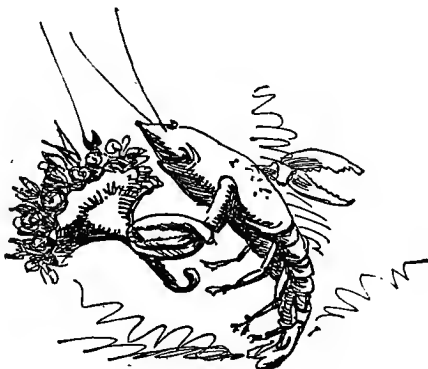
writing), and the lappels were turned so widely over and so far back, that one could almost see his back-bone. He danced well, carried a little cane, came of an old family, and was in business in Wall street. He belonged to a club or two, and believed in ritualism and Augustus—outside of which beliefs he had no religion at all. Not a good fellow according to my interpretation of it, I will not undertake to say that he was a bad one. Such as he was, however, there are many like him—the more's the pity!

He had met our heroine in the usual way, and been in attendance on her ever since. They were not exactly engaged, but it had come to be (on his part, at least) an “understood thing.” She allowed him to attend her to balls and operas, to send her bouquets, and do her little errands about town—which she should not have done if her intentions were not honorable. In return for this devotion she danced with young Brown, whom he did not like; praised young Jones, whom he detested; and did not frown down the attentions of old Biggs, of whom he had reason to be jealous.

Augustus was to accompany her to a ball that evening—hence the bouquet.

The lunch-bell ringing just as her little note was sealed with blue wax, the young lady turned from lover to lobster with her custom-

ary versatility, taking the flowers with her—to waste their sweetness on the dessert air!



After satisfying the inner woman she made a charming toilet (to regale the outer man) and came down into the parlor. Seating herself at the piano, she played a number of airs from *La Duchesse* and *Barbe Bleu* with an *abandon* which few of the most abandoned ladies of the Offenbach stage could equal—not remembering that her mamma was lying down in the room above, suffering from a nervous headache.

While the *sabre de mon père* was still ringing on the air, young Brown was announced, and she professed herself delighted to see him, though in reality annoyed at his coming, as she

expected young Jones, and feared she could now have a *tête-à-tête* with neither one nor the other.

Young Brown fell into line at the piano—and faced the music, turning it over for her while she rattled off Italian airs and sweet plaintive ballads; bowling her eyes at him over the tender in a way that took him clean off his pins, but never losing her own poise once.



To this day he does not know what he said nor what she sung; a rosy cloud lay over his senses—but he has a clear recollection that it was superlatively nice, and that he doubted at the time if ever there was such another artless, affectionate, true-hearted girl in this world.

And all this while the flowers at her side breathed their fragrance through the room in mute intercession for the young man who paid fifteen dollars for them that morning.

When the caller took his hat to go, she plucked one of the sweetest rosebuds from the vase, and with her own fair hands pinned it in his button-hole.

“With the language?” said he.

She turned on him a glance to which no language can do justice, and he went away, feeling fine as a fiddle, and casting about in his mind who should be his groomsman.

The young lady watched his going through the blinds for a moment, and then caught up her dog in her arms with a light laugh, “Why, he’s got crooked legs and he turns his toes in. Why didn’t you bite him, Cupid?”

A judicious speculator would have sold young Brown stock short after that, I think.

Ere she had time to pick up the sabre of her father, where she laid it down, the bell jingled again, and young Jones dropped in. He was a chatty fellow, and they talked about parties

and balls. *Apropos* of that, she hoped he would be at Mrs. Flamtoddle's that evening; she should be quite *au désespoir* if he were not—and, as she said this, she looked at him. That look cooked his goose at once, and he became confiding and slightly incoherent.

He talked to her of his business, and told her how it flourished, and how he hoped to form a connection the next week that would increase his profits largely; and then—and then—

"Then, what?" she innocently asked.

He would be in a position to marry; and if only—if only—

"Gracious me! it's nearly half-past three, and I promised to call for Clara an hour ago; she'll be *so* mad if I keep her waiting; you'll tell me all about it another time—and come soon—*won't* you?"

Young Jones went down the steps elate, with both a rosebud and a heliotrope in his button-hole. So elastic was his tread that you might have thought a spring sidewalk was laid on that side of the street—though 'twas the middle of summer.

"Oh, it's such fun!" said our young lady, as she watched him through the convenient Venetian blind.

Seating herself at the piano she dashed off, "*J'aime le militaire, j'aime le militaire*"—

though the proceedings of the afternoon that far would argue that she had no particular objection to civilians.

Strange to say, she forgot her engagement with Clara as soon as young Jones had gone, and it was quite as well she did so, for a few minutes after Old Biggs rung himself in.

Biggs, a fat, but rich old gentleman, did not care for music, and so the young lady brought out Planchette as soon as possible.

Would he please put his hands on with her?

At first he wouldn't, for he didn't believe in it; it wouldn't move for him, and there was no use in his trying.

But she was sure he was mistaken, with so *much* magnetism about him; they two could surely move it—and *wouldn't* he try to please her?

Of course he would (who could resist such blandishments?) and so plumped down his paraffine paws, as though demanding change at some bank counter. In resting her hands on the board she contrived to bring them in contact with his fluffy fingers. Under such circumstances 'tis not surprising that Old Biggs soon concluded there was more magnetism about him than he had before dreamed of, especially when the board began to walk about.

"Ask it something," said the young lady; and Biggs, at his wits' end for a question, inquired how old he was—trembling terribly immediately thereafter at his indiscretion.



"Thirty-five," wrote Planchette. He was *fifty-five* if a day!

"Is that right, Mr. Biggs?" queried the young lady.

"I believe so," he replied, quite delightedly,

and drawing a freer breath ; “ but didn’t you make it do that ? ”

“ I ? ” she said, reproachfully, lifting her long lashes and whipping the pool of his shallow eyes with one of her most killing flies. “ Oh, Mr. Biggs ! how could you think *I* would do such a thing ? Indeed I did not.”

Then Mr. Biggs, who, like all fat people, was easily affected in warm weather, waxed quite sentimental, and gushed a little, asking a number of tender questions : Would he ever marry ? and could he make a home happy ? and was there any one in the world who could care for him, &c., &c. ? All of these questions being answered in the affirmative, he asked :

“ What’s her name ? ”

“ Oh, Mr. Biggs,” cried the young lady, “ how inquisitive ! ” and, as the board began to move—

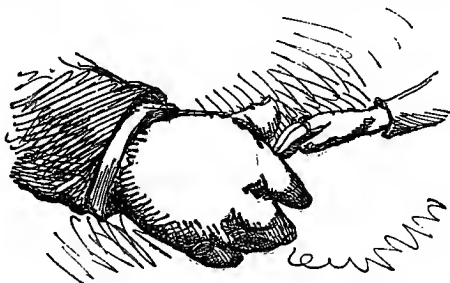
“ I declare, if it is not writing my name ! ”

Sure enough, there was “ Julia,” plain as a pike-staff.

“ Why, the naughty, naughty Thing ! ” she cried, and hid her blushing face in her hands.

Then Mr. Biggs turned from Planchette to ask Julia questions, and he put them in such a practical business way that she blushed more and more ; and when he attempted to take her hand in his, it was not altogether in affectation

that she struggled to withdraw it; for she once picked up a jelly-fish on the sea-shore, and somehow his hand was suggestive of that ex-

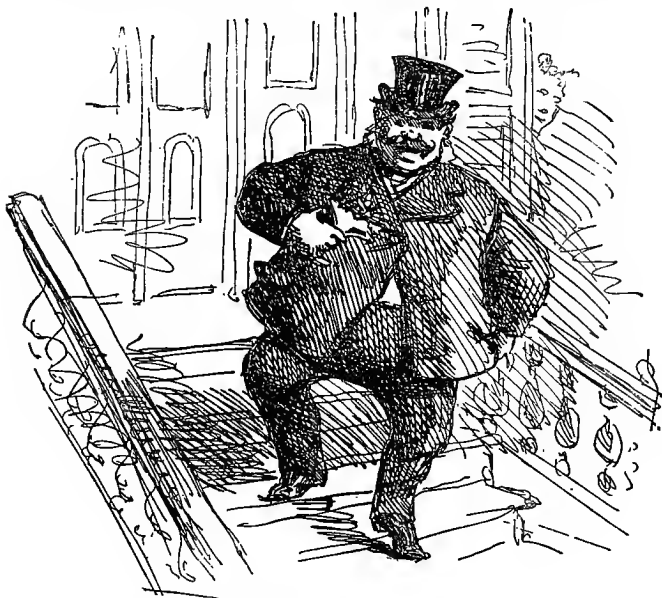


periment. But when he went on to tell how much he made by one contract to clothe a single regiment of soldiers during the war, and spoke of a house he intended to build on a lot he had just purchased on the Avenue, three feet six inches wider than the Sarsaparilla man's, and ten feet deeper, she became so interested that the afternoon was gone before she knew it.

Old Biggs waddled away with all that remained of the bouquet, and the young lady sent Finette down to the florist's on the corner to get one as near like it as possible. "Gus won't know the difference, and anyway it was about spoiled," she said.

Watching Mr. Biggs from the window staggering under the immense bouquet (even in the

roseate light of its flowers he looked but like a green-grocer with a cabbage), she thought



he was scarcely so graceful as "Gus," and she remembered, besides, a rumble in his throat, as he spoke of his projects for the future.

It occurred to her that though she'd like to sit in his carriage, she could very well dispense with the rumble; but at dinner she remarked to her mamma that Mr. Biggs had called, and

that really she had no idea he could be so interesting—so entertaining.

What think you of the summing up of the young lady's afternoon? Three fellows fixed like cockchafers on a pin, to buzz awhile for her amusement, and then be let go, carrying the holes with them.

I know that generally this thing is not considered superlatively Wicked, but it seems to me that the Woman who does it stands in need of the prayers of several congregations. There are milk-and-Water streets where special missions to these deep-dyed and high-stepping sinners might with propriety be established, as well as in the one which it was lately undertaken to regenerate.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the evening came Augustus and the ball. Julia was in high spirits, for her dress was a triumph. Mme. Millefleurs had been at work on it for a month.

She wore (I quote now from the description of the Jenkins of the occasion) a dress of yellow tulle *bouillonnée*, with a black corsage embroidered with gold, a tunic in the form of a court mantle, looped behind with broad, black ribbons, and over all this a green satin sash. The panier was a wonder in its way—and indeed in the way of all present. By a singular



coincidence the band was playing "The Campbells are coming," as she entered the room.

Lest I be accused of not knowing how to dress a heavy swell of the feminine persuasion, let me remark that my heroine wears the same dress which the Princess Metternich came out in at a diplomatic entertainment lately.

In her hair she wore several jewels, and a string of precious stones was clasped round her throat—thus all were enabled to see where the precious tones came from with which she pelted a parlor when she took her seat at the piano.

The worst that criticism could say of the ball-dress was, that, like the ball itself, it began and ended too late.

Julia was in her element—that being understood to be gas-light. In French she did not greatly excel, but she was great on the German. How many times she danced I am not prepared to state with that precision which is the soul of statistics, but she lost very little time—if we except a necessary stop of fifteen minutes to take in oysters, truffled turkey, and sparkling Moselle.

And how she flirted! There was one captain in particular (a Captain Fitzfaddle, if I remember rightly) who entered the army when peace was declared—and had remained there ever since.

He thought it much pleasanter to open a

ball than to be opened by one, evidently, and I don't know but that he was right.

He wore a new uniform, with all the buttons that the regulations would allow, and had on his epaulets for the occasion. He was a much nicer-looking soldier than those horrid old veterans, who have wooden legs and queer makeshifts for arms, and smell of powder and army rations. I don't wonder that Julia took to him.

But it so offended old Biggs that he never came near her, and Julia secretly felt rather glad of it; for, as already hinted, he was short-breathed, and when he danced you'd have thought a locomotive was going round the room on an upgrade.

She flirted with young Brown, and young Jones, as well (or, rather, as badly)—and gave each of them a chance to say something to her in the conservatory when the wine was in their foolish heads; and then laughed in their faces, and protested it was too ridiculous, and did any one ever hear of such a thing—which quite spoiled the remainder of the evening for them.

As for poor Augustus, who accompanied her there—and sent a preliminary bouquet (besides stripping the table at supper, and creating comments on the enormity of his appetite, when in reality he was waiting on her) she

scarcely noticed him—which was simply natural, and precisely what might have been expected.

Either this treatment or some secret trouble weighed upon his spirits; he was less vivacious than usual—and, in consequence, appeared much better. It is only when a tin-pan or a brain-pan rattles loudly that one knows for a certainty there is little in it.

Poor young man! on this particular evening my earnest sympathies were enlisted in his behalf. His moustache drooped, visibly, and it was only by constant coaxing that the ends could be made to do their duty at all. He tried to perk up, and led his own forlorn hope into a bright bevy of ladies, but he signally failed to tell the jokes he had borrowed during the day as though they were his own; and, though he introduced some very clever conundrums, when others gave them up he could not remember the answers himself—which in a measure deprived them of point. Altogether, his career that evening was not a success, and he labored under the additional disadvantage of being thoroughly conscious of it all the while.

But if that muscular young heathen suffered, and felt like going home, think of Julia's mother; picture the distress of that poor *femecovert*, who literally had not where to lay her head—for she did not waltz.

The young men dodged her at supper, and the gentlemen of the old school who took her in, got her nothing to eat. Too dignified to crowd up to the table, she did not succeed in getting there until everything was gone.

Certainly she could sit or stand with her back against the wall, and talk with Mrs. Tolderol and Mrs. Do-ra-me, but this was neither novelty nor luxury. Each of those most respectable ladies talked about her respective daughter, and when the one expatiated upon her Clara's obedience, and the other dilated on her Anna's economy, Mrs. McDoodle felt that they were really casting reflections on her Julia.

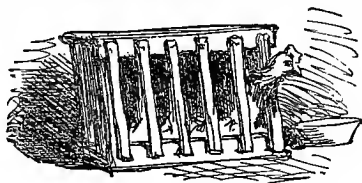
But trust the mother of the period for ability to retaliate in kind. She should always be thankful, she said, that Julia outgrew a slight lameness with which she was troubled when a child. One would scarcely notice any awkwardness now, particularly when dancing—(Julia was graceful as a fawn on the floor, while Clara Tolderol moved through the mazes like a bewildered kangaroo); she was glad, too, that Julia didn't get her nose from her father, no girl could be pretty with a pug; Anna Do-ra-me's was by no means Grecian—it had the bend, certainly, but 'twas upward.

Julia made no return for the battle which her mother did with these accumulated ages in

her behalf. Despite of nods, and winks, and repeated "my-child—my-child—it-is-time-to-go-homes"—snap shots taken at her as she flew by in the dance—she made no response, other than once to cry—

"If it *is* time, mamma, why don't you go?"

Not until four of the clock, and only by incessant scratching then, did our poor fidgety mother succeed in gathering this flighty chicken under her wing and getting her into the coupé.



Our young lady made a number of men miserable that evening; turned night into day in contempt of the order of the universe, and worried her poor mother nearly to death. Yet a great many girls do all these things frequently, and would start in surprise if one called them Wicked.

CHAPTER V.



THE next day Julia breakfasted so after time that it might have passed for a late lunch or an early dinner.

She was subdued during the day and pensive. Not on account of her sins, though indirectly they underlaid it all. No belle, more than any bow, can endure a constant strain. After eight hours' dancing and dissipation, it was no wonder that Julia found herself unstrung in a direct proportion to her former tension.

Finette O'Flaherty had an unhappy time of it, too. She could do nothing rightly, but was scolded up-stairs and down-stairs as well as in the lady's chamber, so it is little wonder that before night she came to the conclusion that her country's wrongs were nothing to hers.

Mr. McDoodle never saw much of his daughter, and seldom expressed a wish to see more, but this day after dinner he signified a desire to speak with her in the library.

She acquiesced readily enough, for, not

caring to dress, she did not intend to go into the parlor that evening. In the absence of young men to flirt with, I am not sure but that she had an indistinct idea of flirting with her own father; certainly she would have campaigned against the old gentleman had he been what Mrs. McDoodle thought he was—the only man in the world.

“Julia,” said he, shutting the door, “I think it is about time you quit having so much to do with young De Lollipop.”

This was the young lady’s opportunity. She had long been dying for a grievance.

“Give up Augustus, papa?” she cried.

“Yes, daughter; his habits are bad.”

This was about the weakest argument that Mr. McDoodle could have advanced, and had he known as much about the female heart as he did about bar soap and pot and pearl ashes, he would have been aware of it. There is a romance about the young man who smokes some, drinks a little, and gambles a great deal, peculiarly fascinating to the young lady whose heroes are fashioned after the paradoxical patterns of fascinating viciousness found in popular novels.

“You are prejudiced, papa,” she said; “some malicious person has been telling you lies about Gus.”

“No; a friend of mine saw him out at Ford-

ham last week, and he bet on the losing horse."

Julia didn't like that. It was bad enough to bet—but on the losing horse! Dreadful! However, the parent being set against the thing, custom made it imperative that the daughter should insist upon it, though she at heart cared no more for the young man than she did for one of the Chinese mandarins that were nodding on the mantle-shelf.

Sweet are the uses of perversity to the feminine mind!

So she at once declared that he loved her, and that she loved him dearly, and she never, never, would give him up.

"I should die, papa," she said.

"Nonsense; I'd go into the tombstone business if girls died so easy," returned the old gentleman.

Upon which the fountains of the deep Julia were broken up and she burst into tears, sobbing that she "nev-nev-never would treat poor Augustus so un-un-unkindly, and that if she did-did-didn't marry him she never would mar-mar-marry anybody."

"But he's ruined, girl," said the stern parent, betrayed by this unexpected depth of devotion into bringing up his heaviest artillery sooner than he had intended.

"Wh-wh-what? Ruined?" asked Julia,

opening her eyes through the deluge—letting her soul come to the windows of the ark, as it were.



“Bu’sted—smashed—gone to thunder,” replied the old gentleman.

“Irretrievably, papa?”

“Erie? Erie? yes, Erie-trievably. (Mr. McDoodle, with all his dickering, had done nothing in dictionaries.) That was what did it.”

Julia paused a moment; a look of almost

divine resignation stole over her face: "I will never disobey a parent's wishes," she said, looking up through her tears; "no, I will always be obedient, though my heart should break, papa," and she kissed her father filially on the left cheek.

Certainly she lost no time in complying with her father's wishes—dutiful daughter. Tired as she was with the previous evening's excitement, before she laid her head on her pillow that night, she wrote a note to Augustus De Lollipop (spelling beautiful this time with a little b) in which she said that her papa disapproved of their intimacy, and that, as it made people talk, it had better be discontinued, though there really was nothing in it. If he liked her more than she had imagined he did, she was really very sorry for it, and now for the first time saw how imprudent she had been. She liked him very well as a friend, but could never entertain any other feelings for him, and, even if she could, would never marry against her father's wishes. Her father would never be induced to give his consent under any circumstances, owing to some things which had come to his knowledge, &c., &c., &c.

I rather think that was a settler. She hadn't loved him, and didn't, and couldn't, and wouldn't if she could. If he did not see his case was hopeless in the light of that letter, I

pity the young man. Moreover, it was contrived that after all he should only have himself to reproach. "Owing to some things, &c., &c., &c.," left a wide field for speculation on his part as to what he had done, and he could roam through it at leisure.

What do you think was the effect of that letter on Augustus? What would it be on any young man? But I will not repeat the old story of a broken heart, and a noble career blighted by the faithlessness and cruelty of woman.

It is enough to say that he abandoned business, went into politics, made speeches at ward meetings, and at last accounts was in danger of being run for Congress.

Contemplating this wreck and ruin, am I not right in arraigning the young woman who wrought it for Wickedness?

CHAPTER VI.



THE end was not yet.

The young lady by no means intended to immolate herself on the altar of duty, for nothing. Her parents were reminded nearly every hour of the day of the sacrifice she had made for them. No request of hers could be denied, all her extravagances must be gratified.

It was found necessary to bind up her lacerated affections with goods of cost and pearls of price. Her poor fluttering heart beat beneath a number of new bodices, and her aching brows were bound by a band of jewels she had long aspired to, but for which she had never dared ask.

Moreover, notwithstanding all that was done for the assuagement of her sorrows, she still insisted on being a blasted being.

She read melancholy poetry in bed by gaslight to the injury of her eyes.

She went sadly about the house, and looked reproachfully at papa when he asked if he should not send her another piece of mutton.

She got herself up in a sort of mitigated affliction style, to the great worriment of Finette, on whom all the trouble fell. She even put the O'Flaherty to her wits' end by insisting on trying a widow's cap, just to see how 'twould look. But, however deep her woe, she never forgot to crimp her hair nor omitted to give a touch of bistre to her eyes—this latter thing being more necessary now than ever.

She took to keeping a diary and writing verses, bottling her tears in poesy that she and others might contemplate them at leisure.

More than this, she insisted on having her poetry published, and the paternal McDoodle on his way down town each morning had to call at numerous newspaper establishments, true to his instincts always finding his way into the business offices.

On handing his contributions across the counter he was somewhat surprised at the sum total demanded of him for insertion, but on going over the lyrics after publication, and multiplying the number of lines by the price per line, he invariably found that the bill was correct.

Julia, on her part, was delighted with the page on which she was published. It was the most expensive column in the paper, her papa told her; and tears nearly came to his eyes

when he reflected how well that money and space could have been utilized in setting forth the value and virtues of his "best bar," or "Intended for the toilet alone."

Indeed he might have made his expenditure available, had the idea occurred to him, for the public, after becoming familiar with Julia (I quote from her own statement of the situation) sitting in her

"——lone, lone bower
All through the sad, sad day,
And weeping every hour
For one far, far away,"

morning after morning in the "Personals" of the *Herald*, began to speculate with some curiosity as to what the climax of this ingenious but expensive dodge was to be. They looked forward to see her sorrows alleviated by a hair lotion or something of the kind; and had her papa been so minded, he could have advertised, on alternate days, that the distressed Julia would find relief in a package of McDoodle & Co.'s "Best Brown Windsor," or that a cake of that firm's "Honey-scented" was balm to the wounded breast.

It always seemed rather strange to me that no other shrewd dealer availed himself in some such way of Julia's sad measures—(her motto for the moment was measures not men, and she

took up with lame ones)—but none did, if I remember rightly. All were averse to her lyrics.

I think it very Wicked to write and publish such verses even in advertising columns. Yet a great many young ladies, as I am well aware, write and publish worse ones, occasionally even asking to be paid for them without thinking they do very wrong.

CHAPTER VII.



REALLY I do think that some genuine tribulation underlaid our young lady's sad habiliments—the hatchment was not hung out altogether causelessly.

It was not, however, that she would see her Augustus no more, no more, that she sorrowed; but because there seemed a likelihood that she had taken her last look at old Biggs—at least in the character of a suitor.

Since the ball when she flirted so outrageously with Captain Fitzfaddle he had not been near her, and it was reported that he was actually going to marry Clara Tolderol, who was awkward, and didn't know how to “entertain company.”

Didn't know how to entertain company! Does any one realize the wilderness of barbarism which that implies to the feminine understanding?

That Julia harbored any very deep affection for old Biggs I do not for one moment believe; but has there not been a new commandment pronounced by the stern voice of society to the repeal of about all the old ones, viz.:

Thou shalt love thy Nabob as thyself. And

is not this considered as specially binding on young ladies?

In any event she didn't want to see him marry Clara, who was her most intimate friend, and so would enjoy a triumph over her to the full.

Think of having to stand up as bridesmaid to a girl who had not half her attractions, playing second fiddle instead of first before a great and critical audience in Grace Church.

Of course the general comment would be that, in the long run, behavior told better than good looks; and that the steadiest girls were sure to get the best husbands—meaning men like old Biggs.

The thing was too fearful to contemplate, and she turned from it with a shudder and shiver of her white shoulders to scold the O'Flaherty for something in which she was nowise to blame.

Thus it was that when Papa McDoodle came home one evening with a piece of news which was duly communicated to Julia through that most legitimate channel, Mamma McDoodle, she brightened up, and the next morning put more color in her cheeks than she had been showing lately. There were more strawberries and less cream.

About the same time she discarded her diary, put her rhyming dictionary and various aids to English composition on back shelves, and

came out of the bower in which she had been chronically sitting for a month or two past. She also laid aside the robes of mitigated affliction, and attired herself in hues as gay and variegated as the autumn's forests were then putting on.

The news which wrought all this change was simply that old Biggs had formally requested permission to present himself as a candidate for her virgin affectations.

That waxy but worthy gentleman indulged in no nonsense over the preliminaries; there was Julia, with her youth and sympathies, and paniers, and like sweet incumbrances in one scale; he simply proposed to throw himself into the other; and if he could not pile in sufficient securities and collaterals to bring her down, he expressed himself content to "go up."

On Julia's mamma explaining the situation to her, she said she would see about it. Now when a young lady says that, you may consider a thing done. Seeing in such cases is doing, as well as believing.

How the courtship sped I cannot narrate in detail, for I have no experience in that line. Of course Mr. Biggs took the young lady to the opera, and sent her diamonds and things.

His charming presents—if only combined with his agreeable absence—would doubtless have won the most obdurate female heart.

The wheeziness, which we have already no-

ticed, must have interfered somewhat with the romance of the affair ; and I scarce think the young lady could have requested him "to breathe those words of love once more ;" nor do I imagine he would have complied with the request had it been made—for, as has once before been hinted, he had no breath to spare.

Very certain am I that I should not like to have old Biggs put his arm round my waist, though I do know a number of persons of both sexes who would consent to be embraced by a cuttle-fish for a consideration.

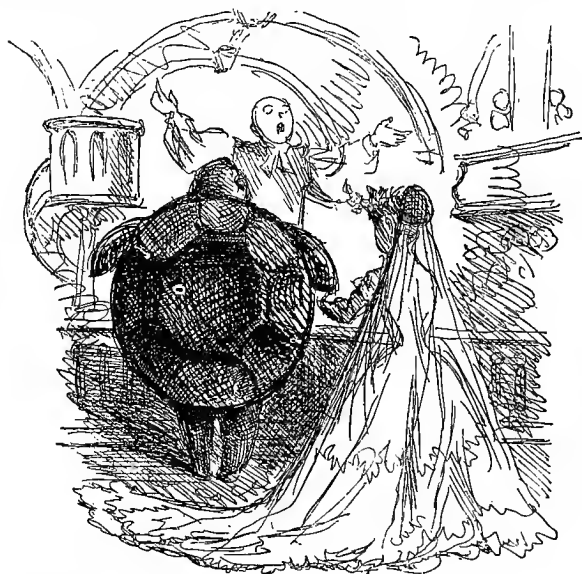
Think of it ! One of the finest houses on the Avenue ; one of the best equipages in the park ; servants without end—often without aim ; money galore—youth and beauty all her own ; and the only inconvenience, a husband—he apoplectic.

So it is little wonder that Julia, after a careful estimate of old Biggs' five-twenties, consented to take upon herself the Bonds.

In the end Augustus had less reason to complain than others. She only jilted him—she married Biggs. He (worthy member of the Chamber of Commerce), badly as he may have swindled soldiers, outrageously as he may have adulterated tea, sugar, and coffee, did not deserve the terrible, but veiled, retribution which you see standing by his side.

This last act of Julia's (in my opinion) was not the least wicked of her life, and fairly es-

tablishes her right to stand on the title-page of my little book. For, clearly enough, she sold herself—and I do not see that getting more for herself than she was worth betters the thing at all. Her hollow-eyed sisters (those gerfalcons of the night) who hawk



themselves upon the street corners, do no more than this, yet society refuses to recognize them—perhaps because they did not in the beginning drive better bargains for themselves.

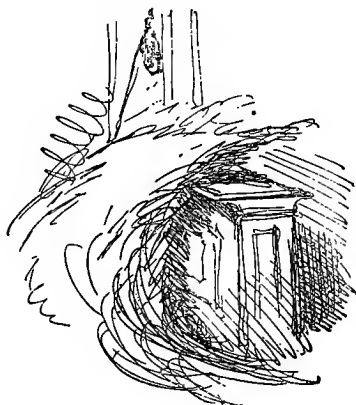
But it is not my intention to preach—which

in this case were really to practise on the good nature of the reader.

Here is the wedding—you see quite as much of it as did the chief mourners who sat in the front pew and smelt the orange-blossoms in the air. Could the artist but have put in the low swell of the jubilant organ the thing would be complete. You see the solemn church, with its groined aisles—and have an excellent view of the nave. Prominent in the foreground stands the white-robed clergyman; and mark how piously he waves his outstretched hands, sanctioning the principles and blessing the witnesses of the occasion.

What are the wild waves saying?

“Let us Spray.”



P O E M S.

BY

JOHN PAUL.

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DEACON BROWN.

A DIALECTIC EXCUSE FOR A GOOD MAN.

[After BRET HARTE and JOHN HAY.]

It's DEACON BROWN yer askin' about ?
 He haint been round fur a year ;
They planted him last kibbage time,
 Which is why he isn't here.
Fur p'raps ye've obsarved, as a gin'ral thing,
 Thet this livin' under ground
Fur a year or two don't make one feel
 Pretty much like sloshin' round.

His kerrieter, eh ? What, old Deac. Brown ?
 Well, I'm ruther 'shamed to say
Thet he wan't much the sort o' saint
 Sot up by Harte and Hay.
He never cussed in his nat'ral life—
 I mention this with consarn—
He didn't know how, though he might a know'd
 Ef he hed a cared ter larn.

But it makes it rough fur the chap thet gets
The writin' of his biog.,
To hev ter confess he's a slingin' ink
Over sich a bump on a log,
Who didn't amount to shucks in a row,
Who never war out on a tear,
And fur tacklin' a neat little game of "draw,"
Couldn't tell a full from a pair.

Fur the Deac. jest war a common cuss
O' the most ornariest kind,
Who never looked out o' the winder o' sin,
And dursn't raise a blind.
Ye've no idee how parvarse he was,
I've hearn him remark—this limb!
Thet though he war raised in a Christian land,
One wife war enough fur him.

His canal-boat onc't—it was yers ago,
When drivers both druv and steered—
Run agin the bank jest above Penn Yan,
An' some o' the help got skeer'd.
The Pilot sot in the ingin-room,
And helt his nozzle an' swore,
But the Deac. spread *hiss*elf at the gang-plank
A-handin' the ladies ashore.

P'raps the Deac., ef he'd hed the rearin' o' some,
 Would a panned out better that trip ;
But, considerin' of his broughtens up,
 He didn't quite lose his grip.
Onfortunit-like fur the Deac. an' me,
 He'd careful raisin' to hum ;
An' yer can't 'spect much of a chap, yer know, '
 Unless he sprouts from a slum.

Ef he'd been a high-toned gambolier,
 Or the rough of a mining camp,
With a bushel of sin in his kerricter,
 An' a touch of Sairey Gamp ;
Or an injineer or an injin thar—
 Any kind of a rum-histin' lout—
P'raps he'd a done some pretty big thing
 Fur me ter be splurgin' about.

But he jest plugged on in a no 'count way,
 A-leadin' a good squar life,
Till the war kem on—then he pulled up stakes,
 An' said good-bye ter his wife.
I've hearn tell a grittier man nor him
 In battle never trod,
An' he didn't let down in the face of Death,
 Although he b'lieved in a God.

It's queer how he fount at Fredericksburg—

 The Deac. jest went in wet,

A-pray'n an' shoot'n, an' every time

 A-fetchin' his man, you bet.

Yet he wan't sustained by the soothin' thought,

 When he fell—October 'leventh—

That he'd knock'd spots out the commandiments,

 An' been special rough on the seventh.

Jest over beyond thet turnip patch,

 Some twenty holes yer kin see,

Thet air filled by chaps who went from here

 To fight 'gin Ginerall Lee.

They went from here 'bout plantin' time,

 They kem back when corn was ripe,

An' we buried 'em by that walnut tree—

 All chaps of the Deacon's stripe.

We'll cross over thar to the old man's grave,

 And I guess I'll be gittin' then—

Yer pardin, stranger, I allers unroof

 At the grave o' that sort o' men—

I've been gassin' away promiscus like,

 But now I make bold ter say,

It don't foller on a man's a sneak

 'Cause he lives in a decent way.

I know some folks reck'n contrairywise,
 An' sling their ink quite free,
But they hain't got holt the right end on it,
 Accordin' to my idee.
An' thet's why I've sort o' been chippin' in,
 A-pleadin' the Deacon's excuse,
Fur you know we all can't be gamblers and thieves,
 .An' all women needn't be loose.

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

It is all very well for the poets to tell,
By way of their song adorning,
Of milkmaids who rouse, to manipulate cows,
At Five o'clock in the morning;
And of moony young mowers who bundle out doors—
The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five
Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
But the sweet country girls, would *they* show their
curls
At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the moon—if anxious to settle,

To kneel in wet grass, and pop ; but, alas,
 What if he popped down on a nettle ?
For how could he see, what was under his knee,
 If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed and his house and his head,
 At Five o'clock in the morning ?

It is all very well, such stories to tell,
 But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
 At Five o'clock in the morning,—
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at
 Three ;"
 If not, I'd turn on him with scorning :
"Don't come here, you Flat, with conundrums like
 that,
 At Five o'clock in the morning !"
 1*

MY FATHER.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why! *she's* a boy!
My Father.

Who gave that nurse a half-a-crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?
My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair awry?
My Father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square?
My Father.

Who, when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?
My Father.

Who, when Tom licked me black and blue,
Did not turn in and lick me too—
Saying, "'Tis my duty so to do?"
My Father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?
My Father.

Who pennies ne'er refused to plank,
Nor dropped them in that mimic "Bank,"
Where I could only hear them clank?
My Father.

Who, when I wished to buy a toy,
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy
To send tracts to some heathen boy?
My Father.

Who bought me ponies, guns, and sich,
And gave me leave to fork and pitch,
While he raked up to make me rich ?
My Father.

And who at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one !
Left all he had to me, his son ?
My Father.

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL, IN THE DAY
OF CREMATION.

THEN the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh ;
Three doctors they had from the very first—
So what could she do but die ?

“ O William ! ” she cried, “ strew no blossoms of
spring,
For the new ‘ apparatus ’ might rust ;
But say that a handful of shavings you’ll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

“ Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you’ll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow
match,
And warn them against kerosene.

.

“It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes
waft

My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

“Then promise me, love”—and her voice fainter
grew—

“While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise.

“For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way—
Of his ‘process’ you’ve surely heard tell—
How you burn like a parlor-match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

“So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky ;
And I’m sure, love, that *you* will never complain
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

“Now promise me, love”—and she murmured low—

“When the calcification is o’er,

You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—

I mean by my furnace door.

“Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve

On their noiseless axles, the years,

You will visit the kiln where you saw me ‘resolve,’

And leach my pale ashes with tears.”

ABOO, BEN BUTLER.

ABOO,* Ben Butler (may his tribe be less !)
Awoke one night from a deep bottledness,
And saw, by the rich radiance of the moon,
Which shone and shimmered like a silver spoon,
A stranger writing on a golden slate
(Exceeding store had Ben of spoons and plate),
And to the stranger in his tent he said :
“Your little game ?” The stranger turned his head,
And, with a look made all of innocence,
Replied : “I write the names of Presidents.”
“And is mine one ?” “Not if this court doth know
Itself,” replied the stranger. Ben said, “Oh !”
And “Ah !” but spoke again : “Just name your price
To write me up as one that may be Vice.”

The stranger up and vanished. The next night
He came again, and showed a wondrous sight
Of names that haply yet might fill the chair—
But, lo ! the name of Butler was not there !

*Aboo is the Persian for Bugaboo.

ON THE REOPENING OF A TRUST COMPANY.

BREAK, break, break,
On thy Old Lake Shore T. C.,
Then resume and take down thy shutter—
But none, if you please, for me.

Oh well for the Orphan Boy
That they shell out the swag to-day !
Oh well for the Lady in Black,
That again they've concluded to pay !

And the wise old noodles go on,
Discounting most any one's bill,—
And it may be the touch of a varnished hand
Is busy again at the till !

Break, break, break,
And he tinkered next day, U. T. C.,
But the bouquet which clings to a dog that was dead
Is not aromatic to me !

A GREETING TO LEONANA.

SEA-LION's daughter from over the sea,

Leonana.

Hungry and dusty and dry are we,

But bibulous all in our welcome to thee,

Leonana.

Welcome her, Cliff House—and Foster, stand treat !

Welcome her, turnpike, and welcome her, street !

Welcome her, boys—she's youthful and sweet !

Crown her with roses—she's young and has feet !

Break, happy lovers, a-buying her flowers !

Make juleps, O John, and bring to us ours !

Warble her, Fremont, and trumpet her, Blair !

She's no "woolly 'orse," but an "airess with air—"

Farralone egg-men, look from your towers ;

Out on the headlands carry a chair ;

Ask her to stay with us till she is dryer !

Don't hang her fur garments too near to the fire !

But welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

Leonana.

Sea-lion's daughter, "more happy as fair,"
We'll give you a barber to do up your hair!
Bride of the seal and hair of the sea,
Joy to the beach whereon thou art thrown,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own.
For hungry or thirsty or dusty we,
Bummer or broker, whatever we be,
We are all dry enough to drink to thee,

Leonana.

THE OUTSIDE DOG IN THE FIGHT.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please,
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
That knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his wise old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
To lose his own precious skin !
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it in quite this light,
But when the fur flies I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs—most generous dogs
 Who think it is quite the thing
To take the part of the bottom dog,
 And go yelping into the ring.
I care not a pin what the world may say
 In regard to the wrong or right ;
My money goes, as well as my song,
 For the dog that keeps out of the fight !

"THE LAY OF THE LABORER."

It was a long lank Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one of two :
" I aint acquaint in these here parts ;
I'm lookin' for Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard ;
My callin' I pursue
At the Institoot at Madison
That was built by Dan'l Drew.

I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard ;
My worldly wants are few ;
But I want some pints on these here sheers---
I'm a-lookin' for Dan'l Drew."

Again I saw that Laborer,
Corner of Wall and New ;
He was looking for a ferry-boat,
And not for Daniel Drew.

Upon his back he wore a sack
Inscribed, "Preferred Qu." *
Some "Canton" scrip was in his grip—
A little "Wabash" too.

He plain was "long" of much "R. I."—
Not "short" of Bourbon new.
There was never another laborer
Got just such "pints" from Drew.

At the ferry gate I saw him late,
His white cravat askew,
A-paying his fare with a registered share
Of that "Preferred Qu."

And these words came back, from the Hackensack,
"If you want to gamble a few,
Just get in your paw, at a game of *Draw*,
But don't take a hand at *DREW*!"

* If the reader will pronounce "Qu." quee-you, he will preserve the rhythm and confer a favor on the author.

VORATIUS.

CORNELIUS, the Great Cornerer,
A solemn oath he swore,
That in his trowsers pockets he
Would put one railroad more:
And when he swears, he means it—
The stout old Commodore.

Words have a certain weightiness
That strikes one of a heap,
When dropped by men whose early home
Has been upon the deep—
With so much saltiness in their speech,
Their oaths are sure to keep.

It serves him well, the Commodore,
His battling with the breeze:
Knowing the ropes, he takes and swings
The biggest Line with ease—
As one should do who all his life
Has been upon the Seize.

Not following now the seas, instead
You see him behind Bays ;
'Tis said he always holds a pair ;
And no one him gainsays—
Being on stocks, 'tis plain that he
Must have his way and Ways.

Each, every inch a railroad man,
In not a line awry,
His arms are railway branches,
His feet are termini—
If you doubt me, there are his tracks
To witness if I lie !

He was the Hudson River's bed,
The Harlem's bed and Board,
The Central's too—whose cattle-pen
Is stronger than a sword :
His pockets were the tunnels
Through which these railways roared.

Such share of shares were quite enough
To serve a common mind,
But not the stout old Commodore's—
He for an Eyrie pined :

As though he were the Eagle bird—
By chance—or had the Blind.

But brooding o'er the Erie sat—
A brother bird of pray—
A bird that, feathering his nest,
Affirmed by yea and nay,
Before he'd budge he'd see them all
Much further than I'll say.

Said he unto the Commodore :
“ Your bark is on the sea,
But do not steer for Erie's ile,
Since that's been struck by me.
Go, man of sin, and leave me here
To my Theology ! ”

The dearest ties on earth to some
Are plainly railroad ties ;
So little wonder that he spoke
In anger and surprise—
Tears would not flow ; the Commodore,
It seems, had dammed his eyes.

“ When Greek meets Greek, then comes the
tug—”
Which is all wrong, you know ;

Unfriendly fires burn fast enough
Without the help of tow,
Especially when Coke is on,
And several lawyers blow.

Such "Eerie" sights, such "Eerie" sounds
Came from this Erie crew,
It seemed, indeed, a den of Lines
Prepared for Daniel—Drew!
Not strange that he at last resolved
To make his own ado.

Fleeing from jars—perhaps the jug—
He looked to foreign lands,
And to his brethren said: "Arise,
These Bonds put off our hands;
We will into New Jersey, where
My Seminary stands.

"There in that benefice of Bogs,
Of stocks and Stubbs and fen,
Directors—if not rectors—we'll
Be all Tyngs to all men—
They'll strain their canon some, I think,
If they would reach us then!"

'Twas thus that Daniel's bark—and bite—
Came on the Jersey shore :
He can not cross, since in his face
Is slammed the Commodore :
There he must bide his time and tide—
Tied till the row is o'er.

The gage of war has been thrown down,
A broad-gauge—broad and free—
And taken up—the Commodore,
A gauger is, per sea :
Cries Drew : “ He only wants to get
The weather-gage of me ! ”

'Tis plain that if, in this tourney—
A l'outrance is the tilt—
The Commodore should keep his seat
And Daniel be the spilt ;
The latter must make tracks, but roads
Will all be Vander built.

While if, upon the other hand,
The Commodore should fall,
He'll see that little backward time
Asked for by Mr. Ball—

In other words, he'd lose his age,
And Drew would have the call.

Just how the joust may terminate,
Nobody knows nor cares ;
No need to ask how fares the fight—
They'll ask us for our fares,
And whiche'er side may win will plow
The public with its shares.

So we will sing, Long live the Ring,
And Daniel long live he,
May his High School confer on him
Exceeding high degree,
Doubling his D's until, indeed,
He is D—D., D—D !

As for the stout old Commodore,
May he still rule the wave,
Yet never waive the Golden Rule,
E'en the odd trick to save :
If called to play the railway King,
May he ne'er play the knave.

This ends my lay, if either wins ;
But if they both should fail—
I mean, that if by any chance
This struggle o'er a rail
Should end like the Kilkenny cat's,
You'll see another tail.

CROQUET.

I.

[TO THE GREAT UNSKILFUL.]

Miss! miss!! miss!!!

Leaving never a stroke for me;
And but for politeness I'd utter
The contempt I have for thee.

Oh, well for your niece over there,
That she has my uncle to play;
Oh, well for the sake of us both,
That I'm a good bat at croquet.

And the other players go on
To the stake, while your ball stands still;
Don't ask me "Which arch you are for"—
Just play wherever you will.

Miss! miss!! miss!!!

Oh, you muggins from over the sea;
But the tender grace of a good croquet
Will never be won by thee.

II.

THE MAY GREEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mamma dear,
To-morrow'll be the nicest time I've had in many a
year ;
Of all the good, *good* times, mamma, by far the mer-
riest day,
For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

Pa snores so loud all night, mamma, I'm pretty sure
to wake,
But if not down to breakfast, please save a piece of
steak,
For I must wait a wee, perhaps, to fix my back-hair
gay,
For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

There's many a skilful hand, they say, but none so
sure as mine ;
There's Margaret and Nellie, who think they play it
fine,
But none like little Aggie, in all these parts, they
say ;
So I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

As I came from the village, whom think you I should
see
But Mr. Buffside on the bridge—he scarcely bowed
to me ;
He thought of that bad stroke, perhaps, that I made
yesterday,
But I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

They say he swore a little when my mallet hit his
knee—
They say his shin is aching—but what is that to me?
There's other chaps to “put a foot,” if he takes his
away,
And I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

There's Maggie will be with me—we play upon her
green,
And you may come with sandwiches—please let the
ham be lean.
My stupid beau will come, perhaps ; but if he comes
to stay,
I'll give him just a hint, mamma—his big feet I'll
croquet.

The balls roll to and fro, mamma, upon the cool,
clean grass,
And the hoops that you see there, perhaps, seem easy
things to pass,
But if you tried them once, mamma, I rather think
you'd say,
No hoops you wore did ever drag like these hoops in
croquet.

Yes, wake and call me early, call me early, mamma
dear,
To-morrow'll be the nicest time I've had since we've
been here.
You must loop my dress a little high—no matter what
they say,
For I'm going to play croquet, mamma, I'm going to
play croquet.

III.

CROQUET.

Out on the lawn, in the evening gray,
Went Willie and Kate. I said, "Which way?"
And they both replied, "Croquet, croquet!"

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day;
From the window I looked—to see croquet.

Of mallets and balls, the usual display;
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth? Side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself: Is *that* croquet?

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And kissed her lips. *What* a queer croquet !

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May ;
But I knew by her blushes she said not Nay,
And I thought in my heart : Now *that's* croquet.

INIGO wrote the following lines to the air of "Mary and Her Lamb," and sent them to Cordier, printed on pink satin and tied with white and blue ribbons :

DINORAH AND HER GOAT.

DINORAH had a little goat,
Whose hair was white as snow,
And everywhere Dinorah went
The goat was sure to go.

It followed her upon the stage,
Which made the people talk ;
The goat had all the basso's beard,
But not the tenor's walk.

And so the prompter turned him out,
But still he kept his ways,
And waited patiently about
Until they threw bouquets.

And then right goatfully he ran
And ate them up with glee,
As though to say : I'm fond of flowers,
And these are meant for me.

What made the goat eat my bouquets ?
The Prima Donna cried.
He thought that they were turnip-tops,
The Manager replied !

THE TENEMENT HOUSE;
WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS BUILDER, POPHAM POPHAM-
MER, ESQ.

POPHAM at forty was rich,
As the yearly assessments would show :
Lodged in an opulent niche :
Builder of Tenement Row.

In youth he had said to his soul :
It is good to be honest and true ;
But rather than poverty's dole,
We'll be rich and dispense with the two.
As he walked through the by-ways and streets,
He said to himself in his greed :
Gaunt famine one everywhere meets,
And gold may be gathered from need.
So he put out his hand, and its touch
Was a rival to Midas of old,
For blood changed to gold in his clutch,
And tears he transinuted to gold.

Thus it was that old Popham got rich,
Though I've heard him impress on his child,
That he reached this desirable niche
Because a kind PROVIDENCE smiled.
When he told how he 'scaped Wall Street rocks,
You'd have thought, by allusions he made,
That Providence dabbled in Stocks,
And had been his co-partner in trade.

Now Popham conversed with his wife ;
He said, we have money in store,
Enough for a front seat in life—
Let us knock at Fifth Avenue's door.

So he built him a mansion up town—
It fronted on Madison Square—
And he furnished it upstairs and down
With all that was dainty and rare ;
And Fifth Avenoodledun's crown
Was the meed of the *millionaire*.

Next, Popham dove down in his pelf—
This dive all the papers record—
And he said, having built for myself,
I will now build a house for the Lord.

Thus designing, he looked up designs,
And an architect, famed for good taste,
Drew a maze of bewildering lines—
All said the conception was chaste ;
Then the masons and carpenters came,
And the church like a gossip's tale grew ;
Its steeple put shot-towers to shame,
And the nave—a wag said it had two—
Was blazoned with Pophammer's name,
And his was the principal pew.
This pew was a marvel ; they spread
Soft cushions for Pophammer's seat,
A pillowed recess for his head,
A velveted rest for his feet ;
Rich Brussels to cushion his tread—
And the mansion of God was complete.

Dedication, of course followed next,
By the Reverend Richman Rejoyce :
I do not remember his text—
Though I mind me his beautiful voice—
But one of those sinners that carp
At displays they cannot afford,
Said he played on a thousand-stringed harp,
And that this was its principal chord ;

When you rob from the poor, if you're sharp,
You will give—say a tenth—to the Lord.
Yet two *gourmands*, who came rather late,
Of the sermon said, "Well done," and "rare,"
And the minister ended elate,
With a brief and appropriate prayer,
For a blessing on CHURCH and on STATE,
And on Popham the millionaire.

Then Popham looked over the board,
Devising a move that was sure
To fill this last breach in his hoard,
While he said to his soul as a lure,
I have built for myself and the Lord—
I will now build a house for the Poor ;
And since mansions and manses don't pay,
But rather decrease one's "per cents,"
I will build in a very cheap way,
And I'll gather large quarterly rents.
Thus the moneyed man reaps what the penniless sow—
May the HARVEST at last bring atoning,
Thus two palaces' glow begot Tenement Row,
And the widows' and orphans' late moaning—
For churches must grow, though bitter tears flow,
And the Poor in their need be groaning.

He advertised next for designs ;
 The Architect came with his plan,
And they traced out the meshes and lines
- Of the net they were spreading for man.

If the carpenter chose he could tell,
 As he drove in the finishing nail,
How the blow, as it echoing fell,
 Rang through the low hall like a wail ;
The mason could tell, if he chose,
 Of the blood accidentally spilt,
Which splattered the walls as they rose,
 And reddened the mortar with guilt.
But they hurried the work to its close,
 And the Tenement-house was built.

In a narrow and dim-lighted street,
 Where the light of God's sun never beams,
Where the tenement lodger is blest
 If haply he sees it in dreams ;
Where the pavements are reeking with filth,
 And the sewers pour their pestilent breath
Where Fever and Famine link hands,
 And disease holds a revel with Death ;

In the midst of this rotting reek,
Where a prayer would have taint like a curse,
The millionaire built for the Poor,
That dollars might come to his purse ;
That servants might wait on his chair,
That a preacher might purr in his face ;
That his wife might be rustling in silk,
And his daughters float lightly in lace.
Oh, think of this, daughters and wives,
As your carriage through fair Broadway rolls,
That your splendor is purchased by lives ;
That your horses' feet trample on souls.

Shall I tell of the Tenement-house ?
Of the human forms packed in its walls,
With scarcely the space for their lungs
Allotted to beasts in their stalls ?
Shall I tell of the rotting beams,
Of the stairway which rocked with your tread,
Of the floor which was crumbling below,
And the slime-dropping walls overhead ?
Shall I tell that the foulness without
Was pure to the foulness within,
Of the harvest that Death's sickle reaps
When Poverty crouches with Sin ?

But little the millionaire recked
Of the lives or the souls that were lost,
For Rotten-row paid like a mine,
And the yearly rent doubled its cost.

In the hush of a still Sabbath night,
While thousands were kneeling in prayer,
The Fire-fiend escaped from his thrall
And waved his red torches in air;
The churches and mansions up-town
Were lit by the horrible glare.
The brazen-lipped bell cried "alarm,"
Till it shook a grave, dignified spire,
And rudely broke Pophammer's nap—
The TENEMENT HOUSE was on fire,
Lithe flames climbed the kindle-wood stair,
And danced in their glee on the roof—
Pophammer had furnished a loom,
And now Hell wove the warp and the woof! /
There were mothers with babes at the breast,
There were mothers with babes in their arms,
And their shrieks reached the planets above—
What need of all other alarms?
The wife called on husband to save,
And stretched out her arms for his aid.

Poor hearts ! as well call from the grave—
So deftly the trap had been laid ;
Yet their cries drowned the clanging bells' din
Till the greedy flames licked up their fill,
And the smoldering rafters fell in—
Then all of the shriekings were still.
Unsightly remains of charred flesh
Were found in the rubbish below,
Chaotic in mass and in name—
You would scarce their humanity know—
And the Coroner rendered their death
As "TENANTS OF TENEMENT ROW !"

I dreamt on that horrible night
I had seen a Druidical feast :
That I stood in the burning pyre's light,
And that Popham had been the High Priest !

O ! Popham, and millionaires all
Who dwell in your mansions up-town,
Say, how will you answer for this
When the lightnings of God come down ?
Will ye hide in your soft-cushioned pews
When the flame through your palace hall rolls,
When the spires 'neath whose shadow ye pray
Shall fall like dead weights on your souls ?

When the patience of Heaven shall tire,
And the Sun shall be loosed from his path
To kindle this TENEMENT WORLD,
Will a just God spare ye in His wrath ?

A BATTLE HYMN.

IN HONOR OF SIR JOHN HEENAN,

*Who lately appeared in a Thirty-seven Act Farce
as the Lion Tamer,*

THIS ODE IS WRITTEN.

Hail! HEENAN, hail!

Thou mighty Muscle King,
Lord of the Cestus, Monarch of the Ring;
Thine arm thy sceptre, and thy strength thy crown—
Before whose might the Lion went humbly down,
Behold, a bardling craves permit to sing,
A paean in thy praise, a rhyme to thy renown.

BENICIA MAN—who hence dare call thee Boy?—
Quick tell thy friends, that all may share thy joy,
The deeds that thou hast done;
For see, Columbia comes with ready grace
To bind thy brows, to kiss thy battered face,
And claim thee as her son.

Stand up and answer : didst thou then
Beard England's Lion in his den,
And dare him in his pride ?
And did'st thou fight him forty bouts,
And put him through a "course of sprouts,"
And "tan" his tawny "hide" ?

Come, HEENAN, boy,
Tell how the hours of battle flew,
And men and maids and matrons, too,
Shall gather round the teller.
Say, did'st thou give his ribs a "hug,"
And strike him squarely on the "mug,"
And eke upon the "smeller ?"
Say, did'st thou wrap Columbia's flag
Around thy loins—thou pleasant wag
To fight behind such bars ;—
And did'st thou ply its many stripes,
In what thy craft call "stunning wipes,"
Till THOMAS saw its stars,—
Eh, HEENAN, boy ?

And do you mean—excuse my pen
For seeking of *these* things to ken—
And do you mean to leave alarms,

And rush to home and ADAM'S arms
For balm and lint and rest ?
Or will you yield to BARNUM'S wish
And take thy place among the fish
And fowls and beasts ? What crowds would visit,
If you stood by the great "What is it" ?
And bared thy brawny breast !

Now, HEENAN, boy,
I'll tell thee what to do :
You've lammed the Lion—
Challenge Orion,
The Champion of the Blue ;
He wears a belt ;—
So, as your fame enjoins,
Just take it from his loins,
Or take his "pelt."

But, HEENAN, boy,
I fear one day there'll be a "mill,"
When champions all will get their fill
Of fight ;
A sort of general grinding day—

In thy quaint phrase, the devil to pay,
 With heavy weights and light.

Oh, HEENAN, boy,
Within the bounds of this World Ring
There walks a certain Champion King,
 With whom we all must tussle;
Perhaps you know the wight I mean—
He's queerly built, lank-jawed and lean,
 Without a sign of muscle.

But yet, though his "condition's" poor
As poor can be, one thing is sure—
 He makes his "mawleys" felt;
No fairness shows he to his foes;
He deals the foulest kind of blows,
 And strikes "below the belt."

No "sparring," "stopping," "countering," then;
My shoulder-hitter "floors" his men
 With just a single pass:
Yes, HEENAN, boy, when he "let drives,"
Before his bony "bunch of fives,"
 You'll surely "go to grass."

Now, HEENAN, boy,
With such a "lively mill " in view,
A course of training to go through
Were surely only right—
Let me suggest that you leave strife,
And for the balance of your life,
Just Pray instead of fight ;—
Eh, HEENAN, boy !

ADIEU!—A DEW-DROP FROM MEMORY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE maiden moon was peeping
From out the latticed west ;
A weary world was sleeping,
And even life had rest :
For souls are Twilight's minions,
And, yielding to her sway,
We fold our passion-pinions
Like doves at close of day.

But yet one light was gleaming
The lilac-tops above,
From Lilly's casement beaming
The guiding star of Love.
One birdie there was keeping
A tryst to meet its mate ;
So when the flowers were sleeping
I flew to Lilly's gate.

And soon a maiden's blushes
Were burning on my breast;
Two hands like nestling thrushes
Within my own were press'd.
But what our lips were summing
Not even Zephyr knows;
He thought he heard the humming
Of wild bees in a rose.

Ah! dial hands were creeping
While blissful moments flew,
And Morning's eyes came peeping
The lattice-leaflets through:
Sweet misty tears were steeping
The lids of morn anew,
Astarte yet was weeping,
And Lilly said, A—dew!

IN MAGELLAN STRAITS.

[The following Poem is a corrected copy of one contributed by "John Paul," the correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, to that paper. It may not be generally known that the "John Paul" of the *Union*, is Mr. D. H. Webb, of this city, the well-known founder and "Inigo" of the *Californian*. His contributions to the *Union* are a feature of that excellent paper, and have made it friends here where it never had them before. Mr. Webb is at present engaged in the compilation of a book of poems, as well as a novel entitled "Experiences," which will be published East, during the coming Summer. That both will prove a success no one acquainted with the author can doubt. A ripe scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and socially one of the best fellows in the world, the Pacific coast will one day be proud of its adopted resident. N. B.—This is not paid for.]

"Oh, much would I give this moment to be
At home in my cottage, there by the sea!"

So spoke a bold Skipper, whose ship's raking spars
Were vexing the eyes of far Southern stars.

A Mermaid was floating by with the gale—
As beauties flirt fans, she flirted her tail—

"Oh Captain! bold Captain! say what will you give,
To look this same night at home where you live?"

“One-half of this ship that sails the salt sea,
And half of her freight I will give unto thee.

Her freight it is gold and purple silks fine—
The waves float it safe for her sake and mine.

“There are diamonds to shine in the bands of her
hair,
And pearls that will blush on a throat more fair.

“Pearls, purple silks, gold, and Cyprus wine—
Oh, the winds waft them swift to this darling of
mine.”

Light laughed the Mermaid, rustled the gale :
“Brave Skipper, brave Skipper, oh never you sail

“So far from your home across the salt sea,
For women on shore are scaly as we !

“You shall see this same night that darling of thine ;
But you’ll wish yourself back a plowing the brine !”

He smiled, our stout Skipper : “Nay, Mermaid so
fair,
Whatever betide, I am welcome there !”

Oh, well had it been for our Captain bold,
Had his ship sunk at sea with its pearls and gold!

What he found, what he saw, little matters to thee,
But he wished himself down ten fathoms at sea.

He wished, too, his ship with its sharp raking spars,
Had scratched out *his* eyes as well as the stars.

The pearls and the gold and the purple silk fine
Were damaged by tears that fell salter than brine.

But the Mermaid sailed blithely away with the gale,
And, by way of farewell, merely flirted her tail,

With: "Captain! oh, Captain! at anchor be found,
Or let your wife know when your ship's homeward
bound.

"For well you must know by this token you see—
Wives all the world over are much like me!"

AN ODE TO THE JAPANESE.

BY THE BARD THAT SANG OF HEENAN.

Oh, Japanese,
You're welcome to this shore !
We greet you as we greet the Orient breeze
Whose rustling robes have swept the perfumed seas ;
You come as welcome as the earliest peas,—
Can soul of man say more ?

Illustrious Pagans from the Nippon isle,
Come to our arms—we'll wile away a while
In pleasant talk and chat ;
Tell us in sweet communion what you think
Of all you've seen, and with a latent wink
Tell us, *sub rosa*, what you'll take to drink—
Sweet Pagans, tell us that !

And we'll pay half the charges of a hack
To take you to the Central Park and back ;
In short, we'll put you through ;
We'll trot you out, we'll take you to the Tombs,
The City Hall, the Common Council rooms,
And the Volks Garten, too.

We'll have a grand procession down Broadway,
Stop in the Park to see the engines play,
 And zealous little boys
Shall black your boots—they'll charge you each three
 cents,
But as you're guests, to share in the expense
 Will swell FERNANDO's joys.

And BARNUM then shall show his stock in trade,
Display to you the mermaid that you made—
 You'll like his honest phiz.
And then, perhaps, he'll take you to the cage
Which holds "the living wonder of the age,"
 And tell you WHAT it is !

But have a care of BARNUM's promptness, since
'Tis like he'll hire a KAMI or a PRINCE
 To stand upon all fours,
And advertise next day, "Admission cheap
To an amphibious monster of the deep
 That comes from Nippon's shores !"

And have a care lest Peter Funk may sell
A pinchbeck watch to some Celestial swell,
 To some Man-darin man ;

.

And watch lest ticket-swindlers come anon,
And sell to every Pagan mother's son
A ticket to Japan !

Should this be done, oh ! do not cross the sea
In bitter wrath and poison our Bohea ;
But promise, Japanese,
That, though our Common Council bore your ears,
That, though we dot your heathen eyes with tears,
You will not cross our teas !

